

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## CONTENTS.

I. RICHARD DE LA POLE, "WHITE ROSE," . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	259
II. A PHILANTHROPIST, . . . . .	<i>Argosy,</i> . . . . .	270
III. JOHN BRIGHT'S SCHOOL, . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	279
IV. THE GURKHAS: A FIGHTING RACE, . . . . .	<i>New Review,</i> . . . . .	283
V. PRINCE NAPOLEON, . . . . .	<i>Westminster Review,</i> . . . . .	288
VI. INFLUENZA. By Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	296
VII. MONCKTON MILNES, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	302
VIII. A NIGHT IN A HAYSTACK; OR, A TRIAL FOR THE DERBY, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	306
IX. THE KING'S LUCK, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	310
X. THE LOCUST PLAGUE IN ALGERIA, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . . . .	316
XI. THE PAUPER, . . . . .	<i>Speaker,</i> . . . . .	319

## POETRY.

THE PARTING AND THE MEETING OF THE WATERS, . . . . .	258	THE CHARM OF THE RUE, . . . . .	258
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MISCELLANY, . . . . .	320
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## THE CHARM OF THE RUE.

WHY do you come to disturb me?

I laid you away to rest,  
With red rose-leaves for your pillow,  
And rosemary over your breast.

There was lavender all around you,  
I knew that your grave was deep;  
There were king-cups growing above you,  
And yet you have stirr'd in your sleep.

I promised that you should have flowers;  
And I did not forget the rue;  
But sometimes I think you forgot, dear,  
All the old-world spells that I knew.

You said that I must not remember,  
But bury you out of my sight;  
I might strew the red rose-leaves upon you,  
And then must forget you quite.

But I knew you would one day waken,  
If only the rue was there;  
That the past it would all come back, dear,  
Some day when the skies were fair.

You know that you bade me forget, dear,  
All the love that you told long ago;  
To bury it deep, nor regret you,  
It had passed with the last year's snow.

But for years I hoped you would waken,  
For I knew that the rue it was there;  
But I thought that the charm was broken,  
No answer there came to my prayer.

And now you have slept so soundly,  
'Mid roses, rosemary, and rue,  
That I have had time to remember  
It was I, not you, that were true.

But the charm it has worked, and you waken;  
The spell of the rue holds you fast;  
The grave has no power to keep you,  
Your love it is mine at last.

And, dear, you should not reproach me,  
Remember that I was true;  
Red roses and rosemary wither,  
You took no heed of the rue.

But yet for the sake of the past, dear,  
And the days e'er you proved untrue,  
I would I had left you to sleep, dear,  
With never the charm of the rue.

Academy.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

THE PARTING AND THE MEETING OF  
THE WATERS.

BENEATH the twin grey summits oozed a  
spring,  
And trickled through the brown and spongy  
moss,  
And wore a channel down the stony fell;  
And the thin rannel grew a noisy beck,  
And the beck swelled into a stormy stream,  
But a bluff headland stemmed it, and it split.

One of the twain limbs of the cloven stream,  
Through timbered valleys and smooth meadow-  
lands

Went, clear and patient, with an even flow, —  
Quiet as a deep thought, it stole along,  
Quiet as feeling, silent with great joy.  
The silvery willow-shadows o'er it fell,  
And gleams, subdued and lambent, of green  
lights,

The large-eyed kine leaned o'er it as in dream,  
And oftentimes in the amber evening air,  
Along its reedy brinks, were breathed bright  
words,

Most magical, most musical of life.

But swept the other on in sterner mood,  
Swirling around the spurs of granite hills,  
Flying, like Fear, through darkness of the  
woods,

Through the dinned, shuddering gorges plung-  
ing down.

Then pausing in the hushed, unsounded pool  
That broods above the misty water-leap,  
And again onward in the same wild way.  
Yet ever and anon the torrent knew

A want was aching in its turbid depth,  
A want of beauty, and tranquillity,  
And sunny comfort of assuaged desire;  
It longed for the low voice of its lost love,  
And the lone spirit of the river spake:

"Amid the passion of my rush I pine,  
I pine for thee, O lost and lovely stream;  
Shall we not meet again, sweet valley stream?  
Wilt thou not mix thy sweetness with my  
strength?"

Shall not my brawling tumult sink and die  
In the soft song of all thy flowing life?  
Shall we not meet and mingle into one  
Before we enter the sepulchral sea?"

And so it came to pass they met again,  
That gentle water and the torrent strong;  
Where the hills dipped into a meadow vale  
They met again, and melted into one;  
And placid with the peace of the fair land,  
And stained with the far blue of the pure  
heaven,

The blent abounding river journeyed by,  
Rippled and surged, gloomed, beamed, and  
bounded on,

(Like Life its protean analogue, sleepless  
Life,

That vocal soul of the dumb universe,  
The lyric stream that shoots with tones of  
light

Through the mute apparitions of the world),  
Smiled past dim villages and drowsy farms,  
Sighed at the ruined priory's crumbling  
foot,

Folded its cradling arm round famous towns,  
And pinnacled minsters where entombed re-  
pose

The lords of power, imagination, song,  
Bore outward the majestic ships that roam  
O'er all the lonesome oceans of the earth,  
And brimmed and jubilant sought the final  
sea.

Spectator.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RICHARD DE LA POLE, "WHITE ROSE."

ENGLISH visitors in Metz — there ought to be more, for there is a good deal to be seen in and around the old imperial city — are likely to have pointed out to them some venerable house or other, which, their guides will tell them, was nearly four hundred years ago the residence of a great English noble, a pretender to the crown, and the terror of Henry VIII. — the "Duke of Suffolk." Some guides may even style him "the king of England," since their distinguished townsman, Philippe de Vigneulles, gives him that title. In all probability the house shown will be the wrong one. For there is a great deal of loose and inaccurate archæology prevalent in these parts, and one old house is very apt to be confounded with another. I myself have had a leading French archæologist in Metz indicating to me an old Merovingian palace — highly interesting, to be sure — as the "Duc de Sciffot's" quarters. Once the building was plainly ancient, the trifling difference of eight hundred or a thousand years in the several dates made no odds to him. With the kind assistance, however, of the present archivist, Dr. Wolfram, and the help of some old documents preserved in the local library — which, in spite of repeated pilferings for the enrichment of Paris, still contains many valuable old manuscripts — I have, some months ago, been able pretty clearly to trace the movements in Metz of our distinguished countryman — who was indeed a claimant to the English crown, and over whose death in the battle of Pavia, in 1525, Henry VIII. exulted with such exuberance of gratitude, that he ordered a second public thanksgiving to be held "with great joy" on the 16th of March, the triumph proper for the victory of Pavia having been — somewhat rashly, as it afterwards turned out — celebrated on the ninth day of that month.

The story of this Englishman's exploits abroad affords some features of interest. It is a rather curious tale of adventure, love, and war, strange escapades, intrigues, and ambition. And it may be worth telling, because I find that in English historical writings there is a gaping

hiatus on the subject, — which is not a little remarkable. For, considering what an ever-present weight Richard evidently was on the minds of the two last Henrys, to what all but incredible lengths those kings carried their unscrupulous persecution of him — how they offered bribes to kings to deliver him up, and to meaner men to assassinate him — how not a treaty was proposed to foreign potentates but contained a special clause forbidding the harboring of this dangerous character, — one might have supposed that our chroniclers of the time would have thought it expedient to tell posterity something about him. Their silence is explained by a strange want of materials. So little turns out to have been known in this country about the great marpeace, that Mr. Burton, in his "History of Scotland," actually assigns to him the wrong christian name, calling him "Reginald." Mr. Gairdner in his interesting preface to one of the volumes of "Chronicles and Memorials" goes at some length into the history of Richard's brother Edmund. What became of Richard himself — except that he fell at Pavia — he confesses that he "cannot trace at all accurately." Napier in his "Notices of Swyncombe and Ewelme," supplies fuller information than any other English writer. But he, too, is evidently at fault for materials. It is practically only foreign sources, very little studied in this country, to which we have to look for information on the subject of what "White Rose" actually did during his exile, self-imposed or involuntary, which made up the main portion of his life.

The chief of such writers is Philippe de Vigneulles, a contemporary of Richard's, and a citizen of Metz, who has left rather curious and pretty full memoirs written in that strange-sounding, uncouth Lorraine French, which was at his time spoken at Metz. The archaic language in which they are written may possibly account for the fact that no French publishers have thus far been found to tackle these otherwise very readable memoirs, and that in default of them it has been left to a German literary society to lay them before the world — in a mutilated form. The original manuscript, formerly in the pos-

session of Count Emmery, was some time ago purchased at a sale by M. Prost, a well-known Lorraine archaeologist. From it M. des Robert, another well-known writer in the old duchy, has drawn the main portion of the information which some years ago he incorporated in a monograph. Even this monograph leaves some gaps. And the author falls into one or two odd mistakes — which are perhaps excusable in a foreigner. For instance, he confounds the "rebel and traitor" Richard de la Pole with one of the most faithful followers of the Tudor kings, Sir Richard Pole of Lordington, in ascribing to him, first, the office of chamberlain to Prince Arthur, and later on the fatherhood of Reginald Pole the cardinal. But his pamphlet is decidedly useful, as supplying clues, which I have been able to follow up successfully on the spot. Richard de la Pole was the last member of a family which, within the space of about a century of strange vicissitudes, ran through all the stages of rapid rise, almost to the height of the throne, and no less sudden, humiliating descents, to attainder, execution, confiscation, and dishonor.

I cannot stop here to tell their history at length. Genealogists have been careful to point out that the French prefix *de la* proves no Norman descent. There is no "de la Pole," nor any name resembling it, to be met with in the Battle Roll. The De la Poles' origin was, in fact, so humble, that their first distinguished member, Michael, the prosperous merchant — to whom his native town of Hull raised a monument in 1871 — afterwards lord chancellor of England and knight of the Garter, is described in Camden as "basely born." His "base birth," it is true, has been disproved. But that only makes a difference of two or three generations. When Richard and his brothers came into the world, the family had had five generations of titled distinction and notoriety — partly of honor and partly of disgrace. Only one Suffolk of this creation — Richard's father — seems to have died at home and in his bed. And even his death was caused by "grief for the ruin of his family." The lord chancellor expired almost exactly a century before of "a broken heart" in

exile. His son fell a victim to "dissentry" before Harfleur. The next earl was honorably killed at Agincourt. His son, again, the "Duke of Suffolk" denounced in early ballads, lived to disgrace that dukedom which he had first attained, and to die by lynch law under the form of a trial, for having had a hand in the murder of Humphrey the "good" Duke of Gloucester, and in the surrender of Normandy and Aquitaine to France. This "bad" duke's son rose once more to high distinction. King Edward IV. actually conferred upon him the hand of his sister Elizabeth; and Richard III., on the death of his own only son, appointed his eldest son John — created Earl of Lincoln — next heir to the throne. That appointment proved in after-time a rather doubtful boon to the family. For it involved both John and his brothers in perils, and intrigues, and persecution. The Earl of Lincoln fell in the battle of Stoke, fighting for Simnel, the pretending Earl of Warwick, and by his treason and disgrace caused the death of his father. Of course his estates and titles were held to be forfeited. That forfeiture notwithstanding, the Earl of Lincoln's next brother was admitted to some part of the succession, both of estate and of title, by amicable arrangement with King Henry VII. These peerage cases were dealt with in those days in a very different way from what they are now, as appears from the fact that only some eight years previously, in Edward IV.'s reign, the De la Poles' rather distant cousin, the then Duke of Bedford — a Neville, not a Russell — had been deprived of his peerage by act of Parliament on the score of poverty. Edmund de la Pole bargained with Henry VII., and recovered part of his brother's possessions and also the lower of his titles in the peerage, by sacrificing the higher. He was admitted to the peerage as "Earl of Suffolk." Notwithstanding his renunciation, he later on, when in exile, again claimed the dukedom. Edmund had in his youth been reported by the University of Oxford in a letter addressed to his uncle, King Edward IV., "a penetrating, eloquent, and brilliant genius" — anything but which he proved himself to be. His let



ters read like the writing of a man of very poor education, even judged by the standard of those unlettered days. And at court he played his cards so unskillfully, that he soon became from a rather petted hanger-on, a declared "rebel and traitor," persecuted with all the unrelenting meanness and malice that the two first Tudor kings — the first, at any rate, not feeling very secure on his throne — were masters of. That almost necessarily involved his younger brother Richard in a like fate — which Richard did nothing to evade. Edmund, we read, had the misfortune to kill a "mean" person, whom he presumed to chastise for insulting him. For this he was brought before the king's bench and adjudged guilty. The king readily granted a pardon. But the earl took the indignity of his mere trial so much to heart, that he very unwisely fled the country. People said that he had taken refuge at the court of his aunt Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, which was then notoriously the gathering-place of malcontent Yorkists. This turned out incorrect. But the rumor may have helped to prejudice Henry against him. Edmund returned home for Prince Arthur's wedding in 1501, and appears to have been at pains to show his loyalty, and to have been outwardly well received. But almost immediately afterwards he ran away a second time. And as he forthwith proclaimed himself a pretender to the crown, and obtained from the emperor Maximilian a promise of material help — the loan of four thousand of his troops wherewith to make good his pretension — it is not surprising that Henry should have set all his large apparatus of crafty persecution at work against so dangerous a foe. But it is surprising to find him stooping so very low in his recourse to dirty expedients. The State papers show that bribes were offered all round — to the emperor, to the king of France, Louis XII., to Philip of Castile and Burgundy — as much as twelve thousand crowns in gold — for Edmund's surrender or despatch. At length, in 1506, fortune put Philip into Henry's power — a storm driving him on our coast. And Henry meanly took advantage of that opportunity to extort from the Spaniard an undertaking to surrender Ed-

mund — then detained at Namur — agreeing, in return, to Philip's stipulation, that he should spare his life. That promise he kept to the letter. Edmund was detained in the Tower until Henry's death — and then despatched on Tower Hill by Henry VIII., in obedience to a direction set down with incredible rancor in his father's will. Dugdale suggests that, Edmund being so popular as a pretender, Henry VIII. did not like to leave the kingdom for a war projected in France, while he remained alive. Another report says, that he was beheaded on the ground of correspondence proved to have taken place between himself and his brother, then a general in the French army.

Richard had taken service under the king of France as early as 1492. Charles VIII. detecting in him even then those brilliant powers which made him in after-life one of the foremost generals of his day, intrusted to him the command of six thousand *lansquenets*, at whose head he mastered the difficult but valuable art of maintaining discipline among so unruly, but at the same time so serviceable a host, and qualified himself for that peculiar kind of warfare in which he subsequently gathered such splendid laurels. By this early favor Charles linked to his court an officer who, as Gaillard says, became one of "cette pleiade de grands Capitaines qui illustrèrent les règnes de Louis XII. et François I., et portèrent si haut l'honneur de nos armes — Bayard, la Palisse, la Trémouille, Duc de Gueldres, Robert de la Marck [better known as Fleurange, 'Le Jeune Aventureux'], et la famille de Rohan." Of all these famous captains — and moreover of Francis of Angoulême himself — Richard was a comrade-in-arms and familiar friend. And nobody seemed to be able to manage the wild and "indocile" mercenaries, who were ready to place themselves at the service of any sovereign who would pay them, like himself. Dreaded foes — and to the people scarcely less dreaded allies — were those *bandes noires* of northern Germany, who, like the modern Prussians, bore on their banner the colors of black and white. Before Pampeluna — of gloomy memory — they mutinied even against Bayard, "striking"

— according to the most approved notions of nineteenth-century trades-unionism — at the most critical juncture for the concession of double pay. Bayard and Suffolk between them, however, soon reduced them to obedience. Brantôme relates that it was said of the *lansquenets* that after St. Peter had refused them entrance in heaven, their troubled souls could not even obtain admission to hell. The very devils were afraid of this wild company. With these rough warriors did Richard fight his battles, and so well, that there was not one of the three French kings whom he served, who did not feel moved to reward his services with a substantial pension, in addition to his open thanks. Ever foremost in battle, Richard's company "receveyd," as John Stile reports to Henry VIII. "most hurte and los of men then eny other of that party." And on that fateful day which cost Richard his life, and Francis I. "tout fors l'honneur," the king declared that, if all his troops had but done their duty like Richard's *lansquenets*, the victory would have been his. Francis was especially beholden to these rough soldiers, because, by winning for him the battle of Marignano, when his crown was still fresh upon his head, they raised him to high prestige, and completely altered his position in Europe. "Ce gros garçon gâtera tout," Louis XII. had said — leaving eighteen hundred livres of debts for the *gros garçon* to pay. But Francis did very much better than Louis.

When Richard de la Pole took service under Charles VIII., his father was recently dead "of grief," and his family were under a cloud, owing to Lincoln's rising in 1487. The "affable" king was much pleased with his captain, and after the siege of Boulogne assigned to him a pension of seven thousand *écus*. At the conclusion of the Treaty of Etaples, Henry VII. began his shabby course of persecution against Richard, from which he and his son never desisted while Richard was alive, demanding from Charles the surrender of his foe. Charles, however, flatly refused the demand. King Charles's pension, it is sadly to be feared, lapsed with his life in 1498; for in 1505 and thereabouts, we find Richard in absolute destitution — left, indeed, in pawn by his brother Edmund for that brother's debts with the citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle. (Sir Henry Ellis, with a little too much knowledge of German geography, places Richard at Aken on the Elbe. It is, however, perfectly clear that the place of his detention was Aachen — that is, what we

generally call Aix-la-Chapelle, but for which both Edmund and Richard adopted various fancy spellings, as, indeed, they did for most of their words, from the simple article upward).

As Richard's fate is so closely bound up with Edmund's, it may be convenient to review at one rapid glance the fortunes of that poor nobleman after his flight in 1501. He first repaired to Imst, in the Tyrol, to seek help from the emperor Maximilian. The emperor Maximilian gave him ample encouragement, drew up an agreement, kept his confidential agent as representative at his own court, and sent him with letters of recommendation to Aix-la-Chapelle, where, hoping to obtain further succor, he managed to outrun the constable, and was fain to leave his brother as pledge. In spring 1502 it was proposed that Edmund, to make good his claim, should land in England from Denmark. In that same year, however, Henry talked over the emperor, and concluded a treaty with him, by which Maximilian bound himself not to allow any English rebels to reside in his dominions, "even though they be of the rank of dukes." That was, there can be no doubt, specially aimed at Edmund and Richard. Edmund now despaired of help in the quarter appealed to, and transferred his attentions to the court of the Count Palatine. In 1504 he entered Guelders, with a view to proceeding to Frisia and obtaining pecuniary assistance — so he writes to his pledged brother at Aachen — from Duke George of Saxony. The Duke of Guelders, greedy to secure — as Archduke Philip, his cousin, writes to Henry — the reward which he is likely to receive from Henry, however, plays the traitor and enters into an intrigue with Philip of Burgundy — it is always the same Philip — who eventually "interns" Edmund at Namur.

Poor Richard was in sore straits all the time. "Here I ly," he writes in very curious English to his brother, "in gret payne and pouerte for your Grace, and no manner of comfort I have of your Grace. . . . Sir, be my trothe ye dele ffery hardly with me." "Sir," he writes again another time, "I beseche your Grace, send me some what to help me with all." He reports that — while Edmund was at Namur — the indignant "bourgoys of Aix" have sent a deputation to Philip to see what redress they could obtain. And coming back empty-handed they had denounced Edmund to Richard as "le plus false homme que oncques fuyt de sa parole," and threatened to expose him at all the

courts of Europe. At the same time Richard is made uncomfortable by the fact that he knows that Henry has offered the burgesses of Aix bribes—as much as five thousand crowns in gold—if they will deliver him “three lieuwes out of the town of Aix”—“and he will pay them,” he significantly adds.

From Namur, Edmund, with a mixture of rather too ingenuous prudence and folly, as a last shift offers a reconciliation to Henry, but fixing his own terms exorbitantly high. This offer, as has been already related, proved his doom. He died by the executioner in 1513.

His death left Richard the more or less recognized “White Rose” claimant to the throne of England. (What became of his two elder brothers, Humphrey and Edward—both of whom took orders, and one of whom was Archdeacon of Richmond—we are not told.) Somehow or other he had managed to get away from Aix in 1506. For in that year we find the emperor reporting to Henry that he had seized the French “orators,” who had proceeded to Hungary by way of Venice. He had looked out, as desired, for Richard, but had not been able to find him among the company. In April, 1507, however, Richard writes, dating his letter “Budaë,” to the Bishop of Liège—one of the De la Marcks with whom at Metz he was to become intimate—in Latin, which is very much better than his English, though that is not saying much.

King Henry having given proofs of his peculiar good-will towards the De la Poles, in 1509, by excepting them in distinct terms from a general pardon, we cannot be surprised to learn that Richard—“Blanche Rose” they called him in France—had grown busy scheming against his sovereign. Louis XII. was then at war with Henry, and it served Louis’s purpose to turn to account the “instrument de trouble que le roi dans l’occasion pouvait faire agir en Angleterre—une étincelle qui pouvait y rallumer les anciennes incendies.” In 1512 we have John Stile reporting to Henry, that “your sayd rebel was mayde a Capytan of the Almaynys that went you to Navar, where many of the Almaynys now of late be slayne.” “The Almaynys” were Richard’s lansquenets, who indeed suffered great “hurte and los” in that ill-starred campaign. Richard fought there side by side with Bayard, and half starved with him on bread made of millet; and though their defeat meant disaster to the king of Navarre, the army were not altogether

sorry to be called back to Artois, invaded by the English. Richard’s command of the “French fleet for a rising in England,” recorded by Peter Martyr, was probably only of brief duration. For we find him again at the head of his six thousand lansquenets at Therouenne, besieged by the English, and taking part in the inglorious “battle of the spurs”—so named because the French, taken by surprise while riding, not on their war-horses, but on their “hackneys,” trusted more to their spurs than to their swords. That day of Guinegate helped to bring peace to England and France—and to send Richard to Metz. The Duc de Longueville, taken prisoner on that day, turned his captivity to account for negotiating a treaty of peace—one condition of which was that the Princess Mary, Henry VIII.’s sister, should be married to the all but dying Louis XII.—as the clerics of the Basoche said, “Une hacquenée pour le porter bien-tost et plus doucement en enfer ou en paradis.” Another condition was that Richard should be given up. To this Louis would not agree, but answered in almost the same terms which his cousin had used, “Qu’il aimait mieux perdre tout ce qu’il possédait que de le conserver en violant l’hospitalité.” Some people say that this was a mere bounce—like General Ignatieff’s famous “boxes.” But it had its effect. A compromise was arranged, in pursuance of which Richard was banished to Metz. That was rather a cool proceeding on the part of the two monarchs, considering that Metz was then a city of the empire, in no sort of subordination to either Henry or Louis. The thirteen Jurats of Metz were accordingly a little taken aback when they received Louis’s letter to “mes bons amis,” begging that his *protégé* might be “bien reçu et bien advenu”—as well they might, in view of the treaty concluded between England and their master in 1502 with special reference to this self-styled “duke.” However, they got over the difficulty by granting Richard a *laissez-passer* for eight days, to be indefinitely renewed, while that should prove practicable. So De la Pole went to Metz, England and France got their peace for a time, and Mary—“bien polie, mignoinne, gente et belle” as she was—married Louis, “fort gouteux viez et caducque,” as a brief prelude to her clandestine marriage with the new Duke of Suffolk, Brandon.

On the 2d of September, 1514, one Saturday, we read in Vigneulles, “Blanche Rose” entered Metz, escorted by sixty

"chevaliers," several French "gentil-hommes," and a guard of honor furnished by the Duke of Lorraine, René II. That was making his entry in good style; and such style, on the whole, he managed to maintain whilst in Metz. It is true that at times he was very short of money, and paid his servants, dressed "in grey and blue," their wages most irregularly; and that even his chaplain could wring his "wages" from him only "a crown at a time." But that was because, what with keeping open house, and entertaining the *honoraires* of Metz, betting, gambling, and making love to other men's wives, "the duke" spent his money faster than he got it. King Louis had allowed him a pension of six thousand *écus* per annum. King Francis made very much of him, and from time to time "augmented his stipend." The Messins, always inclined to hospitality, took delight in honoring their guest, whose chivalrous manners and easy amiability made him popular. And they never ceased to look upon him as "le vray héritier d'Angleterre qui devoit mieulx estre roy que celui qui l'estoit."

Metz was then in a semi-independent state, which, in the present day, it is interesting to study. Its nationality was German, its language was a curious sort of early French. Its sympathies were French, too. Its seigneurs served in the French army; and at the famous "sacres" of French kings, representatives of the leading families of Metz — the Serrières, the Gournays, the De Heus, and the Baudoches, etc. — attended, and considered it an honor to be dubbed knights. To complete the mixture of nationalities, the city was surrounded by Lorraine, then an independent dukedom. The government of the city was in principle the same as that of other great German free towns — Strasbourg, Bâle, Cologne, Mayence, etc. There was nothing at all similar in France. It was divided into six (originally only five) "paraiges." Its head was a *maître échevin*, at that time appointed afresh every year. It was administered by a council of thirteen jurats, representing, for the most part, the patrician families. From the judgment of the Thirteen there was no appeal. The larger Council consisted of the Thirteen, with the addition of an indefinite number of "prudhommes" or "wardours;" and for purposes of taxation and similar business, the whole mass of citizens were called together. There were, moreover, standing committees of seven each, appointed to deal severally with matters of war, gates and walls, the collection

of taxes, the treasury, and paving. There were also three mayors under the *maître échevin*, and a number of "amans" or amanuenses, answering to modern notaries. The whole city was a thoroughly self-contained little republic.

Among these people Richard de la Pole had come to take up his abode. As a welcome, the Thirteen presented him with two demi-cuves of wine, one red, the other "clairer," and moreover with twenty-five quarters of oats for his horses. The question of housing so distinguished a guest presented some difficulties. On the advice of Michel Chaverson, the *maître échevin* for the year, the Thirteen committed Richard to the care of Vigneulles, the writer of the memoirs, then already a citizen of note and substance. For the first three nights he put Richard up at "la Court St. Martin," which was presumably near the church of St. Martin still existing. The Duke of Lorraine's Guard were quartered in what was then the leading hotel "à l'Ange," which has now disappeared. Nothing suitable offering for a longer residence, Vigneulles prevailed upon his fellow-citizen Chevalier Claude Baudoché, one of the foremost men in the place, and "seigneur of Moulins," the prettily situated village or almost suburb which you pass on your way to the battlefields of 1870, to lend him for an indefinite period his magnificent mansion called "Passe Temps," or *Lotharingic* "Passe Temps," situated on the bank of one arm of the Moselle. The site of this house may still easily be traced. It adjoined the Abbey of St. Vincent, of which the church still stands — a beautiful church inside (Murray styles it "elegant"), though insignificant without. Its architectural lines are perfect, and there is some fine stained-glass from the famous works of Champigneulle, late Maréchal, which Murray insists upon telling his readers are still in Metz, though they were as long ago as 1875 removed to Bar-le-Duc. The Baudoches were at that time a wealthy and highly influential family. To-day, such is the instability of things terrestrial, the city knows them no more. About fifty years ago, their last remaining representative was a small watchmaker plying his trade in an insignificant shop in the Rue Fournirue. Of the suitability of the house secured, there could be no question; for in it Pierre Baudoché, Claude's father, had entertained several crowned heads, including the emperor Maximilian. Here Richard found a lordly home, which he maintained in a lordly style, receiving in

turn all the leading personages of Metz and dispensing a princely hospitality.

On New Year's day, 1515, precisely at midnight, Louis XII. died, not twelve weeks after his marriage with Mary, who — rather uncomfortable under the attentions paid her by Francis, French historians say — very soon left the court, to marry the new Duke of Suffolk. The "gros garçon" could not keep quiet long. With an army including no less than twenty-six thousand lansquenets he marched into Italy, to claim his succession to the Milanais, and won the battle of Marignano. In this campaign, Richard appears to have found no employment, though his old corps, the lansquenets, covered themselves with glory. The treaty with England, forbidding his employment in France, was still too recent, though really Henry gained nothing by Richard's ostensible inaction. Being at Metz, plotting and scheming, he made the king far more uncomfortable than he could possibly have done had he fought at Marignano. He was reported to be planning all sorts of enterprises. Evidently he was much feared at home. Wolsey complains that malcontents and men out of work threatened that they would join De la Pole and take part in the impending invasion. On Henry's side it is all treachery and scheming. Richard is to be waylaid, to be murdered, and so on. Lord Worcester writes that he "knows of a gentleman who will take that matter in hand." He is to be seized "when he goes into the field either to course the hares or to see his horses" (*i.e.*, take exercise). The emperor, on the other hand, had grown so careless in the observance of his treaty with England, that the Messins had plucked up courage formally to present Richard with the freedom of their city. And a "paper of intelligence" to the English court describes him as "in his glory."

In 1516 "Blanche Rose" could remain quiet no longer. He must see Francis, and ask for military employment. So on the 22d February, without telling any one a word, we find him mounting horse, taking with him only his cook and a page, and trotting off to Paris, covering a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. But there was no employment for him yet. He returned on the 3d of April. On Christmas eve he repeats his ride, again secretly, accompanied by the Duke of Guelders, who had come to Metz in disguise. He returned, as he had come, in strict privacy, on the 17th February.

After his return Claude Baudoche found that he could no longer spare "Paise Temps," and politely turned him out. But he placed another house at his disposal, which may still be seen, at the crossing of the Rue de l'Esplanade and the Rue des Prisons Militaires (I give the French names, having forgotten the German). In the old chronicles the house, previously occupied by Jean or Jehan de Vy, is described as "après le grant maison de coste de St. Esprit." Just opposite it is the Church of St. Martin, a rather interesting building, exhibiting a curious medley of architectural styles. A rather remarkable feature in the church is a row of curious sculptures, which Murray will have it is in the north-east corner, though the architect has perversely placed it in the south-east. "Blanche Rose's" house, dwindled terribly in size and shorn of its ancient splendor, though still exhibiting some small remnants of former grandeur, such as zigzag mouldings and Gothic labels, directly faces this church on one side, and on the other side a public building, which is, if I recollect right, still the military prison, and in front of which a Prussian sentry paces solemnly up and down.

At this house it was that Richard conceived the curious idea of treating his fellow burgesses to what must have infallibly endeared him to English neighbors — namely, the spectacle of a horserace. Such a thing as that was, it appears, previously quite unknown in Metz. And accordingly it occasioned not a little stir. Richard and "autres seigneurs," we read, were much given to exciting pastimes, including gambling and betting. And Richard, being the owner of a horse of which — like other owners of horses — he had an exceedingly high opinion, was rash enough one day to offer a bet against any one who might maintain that within ten *lues* round there was another horse running equally well. Nicolle Dex (whose name was pronounced Desh) readily took the bet, offering to run his own horse against Richard's. All the particulars of the arrangements for the race are given by Vigneulles. The two men were to ride their own horses. The course was to be from the Orme at Aubigny (a village five miles from Metz) to the gate of the Abbey of St. Clement (which abbey was destroyed in 1552, when the Duc de Guise held Metz against Charles V.). The bet was for eighty *escus d'or au soleil*, which was to be paid beforehand to a stakeholder. The race came off on the appointed day,



St. Clement's day, Saturday the 2d of May — the day on which "l'awaine et le bacon" were, by regulation of the authorities, first sold. That would enable the competitors to get easily out of the gate of St. Thiebault — which was conveniently near Richard's house, but which had to be opened on purpose. The Chevalier Dex, with cunning of which Vigneulles does not altogether approve, had for some days before subjected both himself and his horse to preparatory treatment — "dieu scet comment." "Comme il me fut dit et certifié," that treatment consisted in his drinking nothing but white wine — which is the more sour of the two, and therefore is supposed rather strongly to contract the human frame — and giving his horse no hay whatever. Moreover, he had his horse shod with very light steel shoes. And himself he made as light as possible, riding "tout en pourpoint, avec un petit bonnet en sa teste," without shoes and without a saddle, having merely a light saddle-cloth laid over the horse's back. "Blanche Rose," however, rode in a saddle, and booted and spurred as for ordinary exercise. When the signal was given, Vigneulles says, the horsemen started with such terrible impetuosity that the bystanders thought the earth would open under them. "Blanche Rose" kept the lead most part of the way. But when the two reached St. Laidre — a *lép-roserie* near Montigny (the name of which still survives in a hamlet situated between Montigny and Aubigny, famed for its asparagus and fruit) — Dex's artifices began to tell. Richard's horse was found to puff and to pant, and could not keep pace with its rival. Nicolle outstripped him. And though Richard spurred his horse till "le clier sanc en sailloit de tout cousté," it availed him nothing. Nicolle, having husbanded his horse's powers, came in first at the post. Richard was terribly annoyed, but he "ne dédaignait de risquer un peu de honte contre beaucoup de plaisir," like a good many other people. Very naturally, however, he would have his revenge. So next St. Clement's day saw the two horses running against one another again; but it seems that their masters did not this time act as their own jockeys. Ill luck would have it that "Blanche Rose's" jockey, one of his pages, was thrown whilst riding, by which mishap his master lost his bet a second time. After that he did not tempt fortune again on the turf.

A month after the first race, Richard made a second attempt to obtain a com-

mand under Francis. Accompanied by several "de nos jennes seigneurs," he proceeded to Milan and other places in Italy "Dieu les conduie," piously ejaculates Vigneulles. They arrived, as it turned out, a day after the fair. Peace had been concluded, and the seigneurs returned to Metz without having done any good.

In this year, Henry, through one of his emissaries, tempted Richard into a proposal that he should endeavor to make his peace with the king, and write him a letter in that sense. The king, said Alamire, the emissary in question, "had the character of being most clement." "So I have heard," replied Richard, scenting the mischief; "and how well I should stand with my present protector, the king of France, if King Henry were to show him my letter!"

In the following year Richard once more rode to Paris, seeking employment. This time he was rewarded with a secret mission, on which he was sent into Normandy. It was about this time that Giustiniani learnt from the legate Campeggio that Francis favored "Blanche Rose" more than ever, and Henry and his ministers again began to feel acutely uncomfortable. They had heard, so the State papers show, that Francis and Richard were plotting mischief; Francis was favoring the Duke of Albany and trying to stir up disturbances in Scotland. There was a scheme on foot, Sir Richard Jernegan reports, according to which the Duke of Albany was to sail from Brittany to Scotland, "there to make business against the king," while "Blanche Rose" was to invade England from Denmark, abetted by the king of that country, and accompanied by that king's uncle, the Duke of Ulske; and Monsieur de Bourbon and the Duke of Vendôme were at the same time to besiege Tournay, which, in the peace of 1514, England had managed to retain. We cannot be altogether surprised, knowing in what systematic manner the Henrys persecuted the De la Poles, to learn that a man was said to have been taken in Champagne, paid by Henry to kill Richard. Indeed the thought of getting rid of Richard by assassination appears to have been habitually uppermost in Henry's mind.

However, the threatened invasion did not come off yet. Francis had other work to turn his thoughts to. On the 12th of January, 1519, Emperor Maximilian of Germany died, and the question arose who was to be the next emperor. Charles, the youthful king of Spain, was a candidate, and Francis of France resolved to enter



the lists against him. He considered himself to have a fair chance. He seems to have counted even on Henry's support; but Henry, it turned out, cherished ill-founded hopes of being himself elected, and fought in a half-hearted way for his own hand. Francis, however, spared no pains in his canvass. He bribed and coaxed and promised all round, and indeed only very narrowly missed the election. At the last moment the elector of Saxony left him in the lurch, just as nearly three centuries after that elector's descendant failed Napoleon at Leipzig, going over to the other side. But for that Francis would have been emperor. One of the promises which Francis had rashly made was this: "Si je suis élu, trois ans après l'élection, je jure que je serai à Constantinople ou je serai mort." At the very last stage of the proceedings he despatched Richard de la Pole as a confidential envoy to Prague, where the Electoral College was sitting, to further his candidature. In the National Library at Paris a manuscript letter is still preserved containing the king's instructions. However, Richard arrived too late.

In the same year—1519—"Blanche Rose" found himself compelled to change his quarters a second time. Claude Baudouche "voulait r'avoir ses maisons." The dean and chapter of Metz signalized their good-will towards the guest of their city by making over to him for life, at a nominal rent of ten sols messins per annum, their old mansion, called "la Haute Pierre," occupying the commanding site on which now stands the Palais de Justice. In all probability the handsome esplanade now leading up to that building did not at that time exist, nor yet perhaps the splendid terrace facing the Moselle and St. Quentin. But at all times the situation must have been unique. The reason why the house was let so cheap was, that it was then in an utterly dilapidated condition, and the tenant undertook thoroughly to repair it. He did better, as the chapter remembered to his credit after his death. At a heavy cost—he spent two thousand gold florins upon it in one year—he rebuilt it from top to bottom in a magnificent style. That mansion does not now remain. It was pulled down in 1776 to make room for the present structure, more useful though less showy in which are housed the provincial law courts.

While still in "la Rue de la Grande Maison"—the Rue de l'Esplanade—Richard de la Pole got entangled in a little love intrigue, which caused a tremendous

commotion in the town and led him into serious trouble. Metz was rather famed in those days for its goldsmiths. The Rue Fournirue—still interesting—was full of them. One of these artisans, named Nicolas Sébille, had a young wife, whom Vigneulles describes as "une des belles jolles femmes, qui fut point en la cité de Metz, haulte droite et élancée et blanche comme la neige." To this beautiful young woman's heart Richard successfully laid siege. She came to see him at his house, which was conveniently near. The conquest does not appear to have cost him much persuasion. Evidently Madame Sébille was as hotly smitten with him as he was with her. To be able to carry on his little amour with the greater freedom, he gave the unsuspecting husband an order for some very costly and elaborate goldsmith's work, necessitating one or two journeys to Paris, the expense of which Richard was quite willing to pay. While the husband was away "celle belle Sébille" went "aulcunes fois banqueter et faire la bonne chièren en l'ostel du dit duc," so much so that the city began to talk. The duke, for the safety of his lady-love, employed a certain hosier named Mangenat to escort her and watch the streets. Mangenat was in one sense admirably fitted for this office—for he was a stalwart bully, who soon became the terror of all the neighborhood. Like the German and French police in these days, he suspected a spy or an enemy in every person he met, and struck and mauled a good many harmless creatures. That caused additional scandal; and as there was no police to maintain peace and order, the neighbors, after complaining a good deal, took the law into their own hand, and one fine night, early in September, turned out in force to lynch Mangenat. Richard had by that time removed to Haute Pierre, and there was therefore a considerable distance to cover between his house and the Rue Fournirue. The neighbors were firmly resolved to turn Mangenat into a *corps sans âme*. Mangenat, however, managed to elude them. The neighbors then laid their plaint before the Thirteen. Madame Sébille, fearing her husband's wrath, resolutely packed up her clothes and jewels and other belongings, and with them also her husband's money, and transferred herself with these to the Haute Pierre. This made matters still worse, especially when Nicolas returned home and set a-clamoring for his money and his wife. Watching for "Blanche Rose," he caught him one day in the Rue Fournirue, and

very nearly did for him. On Sunday, the 16th of September, he demonstratively took up his position, fully armed with sword and halberd, at the cathedral door, intending to knock Richard's life out of him in the holy place, and supply an excuse for a "reconciliation service." Richard was warned, and wisely kept out of the way. However, as Nicolas tried to raise a popular tumult, on the ground that an outraged plebeian could obtain no legal redress from the patrician court — "l'aristocratie," says M. des Robert, "fut tout puissante" — the Thirteen could ignore the case no longer. With some difficulty they persuaded "the duke" to let Madame Sébille go. He agreed to this only on the distinct understanding that Nicolas "ne lui [that is, his wife] ne reprochait en rien sa conduite, ni ne la baidroit, ni ne lui diroit parole qui l'en pût desplaire, si non que leur débast ou hutin vint pour autre chose." This undertaking having been given — by the Thirteen — Madame Sébille was brought before the court under protection of a strong armed escort, consisting of notable chevaliers. Of course Nicolas would in no wise agree to the terms proposed. And so the Thirteen — it is interesting to learn how these cases were dealt with in those early days — kept his wife in their own charge, lodging her very fitly in the council-room of the Seven of War, and supplying her with good food and drink at the expense of the town. Thereupon Nicolas, as he could not obtain redress as a citizen of Metz, migrated to Thionville, became a burgess of that town, and then — as he was entitled to do in those days — levied war in person on the man who had wronged him. He bribed "Des Allemans" to waylay and kidnap or kill Richard, just as the two English Henrys had done. Richard, being a little bit frightened, sought refuge in the chateau of Ennery, belonging to Signor Nicolle de Heu. (This fact was promptly reported to Henry.) Here, Vigneulles says, Richard meant to "passer mélancolie et passer son dueil." However, Sébille's "Allemans" found him out, and one day very nearly captured him. So "Blanche Rose" thought it prudent to seek safer quarters. He found them at Toul. Nicolas does not appear to have followed him so far, nor to have troubled himself much further about his faithless wife. This put the Thirteen in a fix. They had the lady on their hands, and were sorely puzzled what to do with her. Nicolas would not have her, and could not at Thionville be made to take her; and restore her

to Richard they in propriety could not. After much deliberation, having detained her a full fortnight at public expense, they solved the knot to their own satisfaction by handing Madame Sébille over to her brother, one Gaudin, a butcher, who was to take care of her. Gaudin gave her in charge to an old woman selling wax candles. Madame Sébille was under strict injunction not to leave the city. But who could expect her to observe that command? Anyhow, one fine morning, pretending that she had a pilgrimage to perform to St. Trottin, she made her way outside the city gates disguised as a *vendangeresse*, with a basket by her side, and a sickle in her hand. Outside the walls she was met by friends who at once put her into page's clothes, in which, of course, she marched as straight as she could to Toul, and joined "Blanche Rose," to their mutual delight. Richard had once more "ne dédaigné de risquer un peu de honte contre beaucoup de plaisir." He and his lady-love were now outside the jurisdiction of the Thirteen, and might therefore consider themselves safe. But upon the abettors of the lady's flight the magistrates visited their share in the offence with all the greater rigor. Notwithstanding Richard's earnest interposition, they heavily fined and banished them. Thus ends the story of Richard's amour; for what became of Madame Sébille afterwards, neither history nor tradition records. She was not allowed to enjoy the company of her knight long; for stirring events were in train, which required his presence elsewhere.

In 1521 a powerful alliance of European States was formed against Francis I., designed to humble the victor of Marignano. It comprised the emperor, the pope, the king of England, Florence, Venice, and Genoa. In 1522 England invaded Picardy and Flanders. That put an end to the treaty engagements of 1514, and made Richard's services needful as well as allowable to the French king. Indeed "Blanche Rose" did not wait to be summoned. The State papers and other official publications of that period relate how busy he was plotting against England and Scotland. King Francis took a delight in parading his partiality for the Duke of Albany and the "Duke of Suffolk." He rode in public with one of them on one side and one on the other. He slapped Richard on the back and said in the hearing of the court: "My Lord of Suffolk, I will set you in England with forty thousand men within few days." He pro-

posed a marriage for Richard with the daughter of the Duke of Holstein, and planned sundry invasions of England which, happily, did not come off. But Richard joined the French army under Guise and Vendôme, and fought against his countrymen in Picardy. There he raised a corps of two thousand men on his own authority, and led this welcome reinforcement to Francis at St. Jean de Moustiers. In 1524 he accompanied Albany into Scotland, without, however, doing much hurt. But he greatly frightened Henry's officers. We find Fitzwilliam writing to Wolsey, urging him, in face of "this wretched traitor" being in the field, to "hasten over some men to give courage to the Flemings."

Then came the campaign which led to the catastrophe of Pavia. Richard joined the French army at Marseilles, and was, in company with Francis of Lorraine, placed at the head of his old corps, the German lansquenets, who were delighted to fight under so practised and trusted a leader. They were six thousand at the beginning of the campaign, pitted against a larger number of their own brethren under Frundsberg, in the emperor's service. On St. Matthias' day, in 1525, the battle of Pavia was fought, which lost Francis his liberty. Francis, as usual, showed no want of dash, but a lamentable lack of prudence. Mistaking the enemy's retreat, under the fire of his guns, for a settled defeat, he sent his infantry after them, placing the bulk of his army between the foe and his own artillery. The allies were not slow to turn this false move to account. Charging back upon their foes, they overwhelmed them with superior numbers. That lost the French the day. Richard's lansquenets did their best to retrieve the error. Having knelt down, as their manner was, and thrown dust behind them, they rushed, singing their familiar war-songs, into the fray with an impetus which promised to break the hostile ranks. "Had but the Switzers fought like the lansquenets," Francis said after battle, "the day would have been ours." But the odds were too many against them. They were met by their own fellow-lansquenets — each side being furious with the other. The German men were wroth at seeing their comrades on the other side, fighting against their own country — the French at seeing their brother-soldiers desert so faithful an employer as Francis. So no quarter was given on either side. And the French lansquenets — they had lost

one-fourth of their number before the charge began — being wedged in between a superior force of Germans closing in on either side, were simply crushed as between two millstones. The list of killed was long — and brilliant. Among the slain were the two captains of the lansquenets, Francis of Lorraine and Richard de la Pole. The latter had — as a painting preserved in the Ashmolean Museum indicates — died protecting Francis with his sword. He was found buried under "un monceau" of dead enemies against whom he had fought. There was loud rejoicing in the camp of the allies. It was given out that "three kings" had been taken or killed — Francis, the unfortunate king of Navarre, and, "to make up the trinity of kings," says a despatch addressed to Wolsey, "La Rose Blanche, whom they call the king of Scots." Appended to the curious despatch which Frundsberg forwarded to the emperor, giving a report of the battle — the oldest record extant — is a drawing, showing three crowned knights, fancy portraits of the "kings."

One is prepared to find Henry VIII. ordering a triumph, and congratulating himself upon his happy riddance from a rival who had been more of a thorn in his side than the present generation is probably aware. But it does seem small to read, in the State papers, of one of Henry's tools begging from Wolsey the king's authority for seizing "some goods of no great amount" that Richard had left at Metz.

The French were far more chivalrous in their treatment of the dead warrior. We read in Camden that "for his singular valor" his very enemy the Duke of Bourbon "honored his remains with splendid obsequies, and attended in person as one of the chief mourners." Francis expressed his attachment to the fallen, and his indebtedness to him for brilliant services. "La France," says Gaillard, "perdit en lui un allié utile, qui la servit efficacement et sans rien exiger d'elle." Considering that he was an English subject, that may sound questionable praise. But though he may have shown too great willingness to avail himself of the excuse, it should be borne in mind that it was England's kings who first drove him into treason.

The chapter of Metz, grateful for Richard's liberality, passed the following "resolution" — as we should say — founding a mass for the repose of their benefactor's

soul: "Aprilis anno Domini, 1525, in conflictu apud Paviensem civitatem quo tunc Franciscus Gallorum rex per exercitum Romanorum imperatoris captus et Hispaniam captivus ductus extituit, habito, obiit quondam illuster Richardus dux de Suffolk qui domum nostram dictam à la Haute Pierre sibi ante per nos ad vitam locatam obtinens valde somptuose restauravit, unde statuimus nunc anniversarium quotannum Ecclesiâ nostrâ pro salute animæ suæ perpetuo celebrari."

That mass ought, of course, to be read still. However, deans and chapters have as little respect for "pious founders"—though these be their own predecessors—as British Parliaments in democratic days. Consequently, the ecclesiastical function has long since been discontinued.

Apart from Richard's death, Henry did not find himself much of a gainer by the victory of Pavia. He had contributed nothing directly to the battle, and Charles V. accordingly would concede him none of the spoils. On the contrary, grasping monarch that he was, under cover of a marriage portion to be given to Henry's daughter, he asked for a subsidy of six hundred thousand ducats. We need not be surprised to find Henry shortly after concluding a treaty with France, which secured him two millions of crowns.

One more notice we have of Richard de la Pole, the last of his race. Describing Pavia, as he found it in 1594, Fynes Moryson says: "Neere that (the castle) is the Church of St. Austine; there I did reade this inscription, written in Latin upon another sepulchre: The French King Francis I. being taken by Cæsar's army neere Pavia, the 24th of February, in the yeere 1525, among other lords, these were slaine: Francis Duke of Lorraine, Richard de la Pole, Englishman and Duke of Suffolk, banished by his tyrant King Henry VIII. At last Charles Parker of Morley, kinsman of the said Richard, banished out of England for the Catholike faith by Queene Elizabeth, and made bishop here by the bounty of Philip, king of Spain, did out of his small means erect this monument to him."

This is the last memorial of a life which created not a little stir in its day, and might under more favorable circumstances have been made signally serviceable to Richard's own country. Even that last memorial has probably now disappeared. But still the "White Rose" may fairly claim a place at any rate in the lighter records of English history.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

From The Argosy.

# A PHILANTHROPIST.

BY ANGUS GREY.

## I.

"AND when I had your own bottle finished, doctor, an ould man that was passing by to the fair of Kinvarra told me that there was nothin' in the world so good for a stiff arm as goose's grease or crane's lard, rendered, rubbed in, and, says he, in a few days your arm will be as limber as limber. So I went to the keeper at Inchguile, and he shot a crane for me; but there wasn't so much lard in it as I thought there'd be, because it was just after rearing a chitch."

"Well, we must try to get you a better one next time," said the doctor, nodding farewell to his loquacious patient, one of those non-paying ones who look on a "dispensary ticket" as conveying an unlimited right of discourse on the one hand and attention on the other. But the doctor was just now in a position of vantage, being seated on his car, on which he slowly jogged out of sight, leaving the victim of rheumatism who had stopped him still experimentally rubbing the joints of his arm.

It was the first of June by the calendar, but the outward signs of the season were but slightly visible in that grey west country, where stones lay as the chief crop in the fields and innumerable walls took the place of hedges, and a drizzling mist from the Atlantic hid all distant outlines.

The doctor had been all day face to face with such cheerless surroundings, and was on his way homewards. But presently he stopped at the entrance of a little "bo-reen," where a wrinkled, red-skirted dame was standing sentry, leaning on a stout blackthorn stick. "Is it me you're looking out for, Mrs. Capel?" he asked. "I hope Mary is no worse to-day."

"She's the one way always," was the reply; "and it wasn't of you I was thinking, doctor, but standing I was to watch that ruffian of a pig of Mr. Rourke's that had me grand cabbages eat last night, and me in Cloon buying a pound of madder to color a petticoat. Ah, then, look at him now standing there by the wall watching me out of the corner of his eye!" and flourishing her stick the energetic old lady trotted off to the attack.

"I may as well go in and see Mary," muttered the doctor, tying the reins to an isolated gate-post, and walking up the narrow lane to the thatched cottage it led to.

"God save all here," he said, putting his head in over the half-door.

"God save you kindly," was the reply from an old man in corduroy knee-breeches and a tall hat, who sat smoking a short pipe in the deep chimney-corner, and watching with interest the assault of various hens and geese upon the heap of potato-skins remaining in a basket-lid which had done duty as a dinner-table.

The doctor passed through to a little room beyond, whitewashed and containing a large four-post bed. The invalid, a gentle, consumptive-looking girl, lay on the pillows and smiled a greeting to the doctor.

His eye, however, passed her, and rested with startled curiosity on a visitor who was sitting by her side, and who rose and bowed slightly. The stranger was a lady, young and slight, with dark eyes and hair and a small, graceful head. He guessed at once she must be Miss Eden, the new resident magistrate's sister, of whose ministrations to the poor he had heard much since his return from his late holiday.

He stopped awkwardly, rather confused at so unexpected a meeting; but the stranger held out her hand, and looking up at him said: "I am so glad you have come back; we have wanted you so much."

The doctor did not answer. The sweet, low voice, with no touch of Irish accent, was a new sound to him, the little hand that she gave him was fairer and smaller and more dainty than any he had ever touched. To say the truth, his early farmhouse life and his hospital training and dispensary practice had not brought him into contact with much refinement, and this girl with her slight, childlike figure and soft, earnest eyes seemed to him to have stepped from some unreal world. Then, finding he still held the little hand, he blushed and let it go.

"How are you getting on, Mary?" he asked, turning to his patient.

"Middling, sir, thank you," said the girl. "I do have the cough very bad some nights, but more nights it's better; and the lady, may God enable her, has me well cared."

"I could not do much," said the lady, with an appealing glance, "and you must not be angry with me for meddling with your patients. But now that you have come I am sure Mary will be better."

"Don't be troubling yourself about me," said the sick girl gently. "I'll never be better till I see Laurence again."

"Oh, don't be giving yourself up like

that," said the doctor cheerily; "we won't let you die yet awhile."

"I won't die," she answered gravely, "till the same day that Laurence died; the 13th of September. There's no fear of me till then."

She looked tired, and her visitors left, the doctor telling his new acquaintance as they walked down the lane what a strong, bright girl this had been till a year ago, when her brother had died of consumption. From that day her health had begun to fail, the winter had brought a cough, and Easter had found her kept to her bed. It was a hopeless case, he thought, though she might linger for a time.

"Indeed, and she's a loss to us," put in old Mrs. Capel, who had now joined them, having returned from her pursuit of the predatory pig. "She was a great one for slavin', and as strong as any girl on the estate, but she did be frettin' greatly after her brother, and then she got cold out of her little boots that let in the water, and there she's lying now, and couldn't get up if all Ireland was thrusting for it."

The mist had now turned to definite rain, and Louise Eden accepted "a lift" on the doctor's car, as he had to pass her gate in going home. His shyness soon wore off as the girl talked to him with complete ease and simplicity, first of some of his poor patients, then of herself and her interest in them.

She was half Irish, she said, her mother having come from this very West Country, but she had lost both her parents early and been brought up at school and with English relatives. Lately her brother, or rather step-brother, having been made an R.M. and appointed to the Cloon district, had asked her to live with him, and this she was but too happy to do. She had always longed to give her life to the poor and especially the Irish poor, of whose wants she had heard so much. She had even thought of becoming a deaconess, but her friends would not hear of it, and she had been obliged to submit herself to their conventional suburban life. "But here at last," she said, "I find my hands full and my heart also. These people welcome me so warmly and need so much, the whole day is filled with work for them; and now that you have come, Dr. Quin," she added, smiling at him, "I can do so much more, for you will tell me how to work under you and to nurse your patients back to health again."

It was almost dark when they came to the gate of Inagh, the house usually tenanted by the resident magistrate of the



day, and here Louise Eden took leave of her new acquaintance, again giving him her hand in its little wet glove. The doctor watched her as she ran lightly towards the house. She wore a grey hat and cloak, and the rough madder-dyed skirt of the peasant women of the district. None of the "young ladies" he had hitherto met would have deigned to appear in one of these fleecy crimson garments, so becoming to its present wearer. She turned and waved her hand at the corner of the drive, and the doctor having gazed a moment longer into the grey mist that enshrouded her, went on his journey home.

His little house on the outskirts of Cloon had not many outward charms, being built in the inverted box style so usual in Ireland. A few bushes of aucuba and fuchsia scarcely claimed for the oblong space enclosed in front the name of a garden. But within he found a cheerful turf fire, and his old housekeeper soon put a substantial meal on the table.

"Any callers to-day, Mamie?" he asked as he sat down.

"Not a one, sir, only two," was the reply. "The first was a neighboring man from Killeen that was after giving himself a great cut with a reaping-hook where he was cutting a few thorns out of the hedge for to stop a gap where the cows did be coming into his oatfield. Sure I told him you wouldn't be in this long time, and he went to Cloran to bandage him up."

"And who was the other, Mamie?"

"The second first, sir, was a decent woman, Mrs. Cloberty, from Cranagh, with a sore eye she has where she was cuttin' potatoes and a bit flew up and hot it, and she's after going to the friars at Loughrea to get a rub off the blessed cross, but it did no good after."

The old woman rambled on, but the doctor gave her but a divided attention. He laughed and blushed a little presently to find himself gazing in the small round mirror that hung against the wall, his altitude of six feet just bringing his head to its level. The face that laughed and blushed back at him was a pleasant one; frank, blue eyes and a square brow surmounted by wavy, fair hair were reflected, and the glad healthfulness of four-and-twenty years. He had been looked on as a "well-looking" man in his small social circle of Galway and Dublin, and had laughed and joked and danced with the girls he had met at merry gatherings, but without ever having given a preference in thought to one above another. Certainly no eyes had ever followed him into his solitude

as the dark ones first seen to-day were doing.

He went out presently, the rain having ceased, and sauntered down the unattractive "main street" of Cloon.

The shops were shut, save those frequent ones which added the sale of liquor to that of more innocent commodities. In one a smart-looking schoolboy was reading the *Weekly Freeman* aloud to a group of freeze-coated hearers. At the door of another a ballad-singer was plaintively piping the "Mother's Farewell," with its practical refrain:—

Then write to me often, and send me all you  
can,

And don't forget where'er you are that you're  
an Irishman.

The doctor might at another time have joined and enlivened one of the listless groups standing about, but, after a moment or two of hesitation, he turned his back to them and walked in the direction of the gate of Inagh. "There's Mrs. Connell down there, that I ought to go and see; she's always complaining," he said to himself, in self-excuse. But having arrived at her cottage, he saw by a glance at the unshuttered window that his visit would be a work of supererogation, as she was busily engaged in carding wool by the fireside, the clear light of the paraffin lamp, which without any intervening stage of candles had superseded her rushlight, showing her comely face to be hale and hearty.

Half unconsciously the young man passed on, crossed a stile and walked up a narrow, laurel-bordered path towards the light of another window which was drawing him, moth-like, by its gleam. It also, though in the "removable's" house, was unshuttered, testifying to the peaceful state of the district. He could see a cheerful sitting-room, gay with flowers and chintzes, the light of a shaded lamp falling on Louise Eden's fair head, bent over a heavy volume on the table, an intrusive white kitten disputing her attention with it. He drew back, with a sudden sense of shame at having ventured so far, and hurried homewards to dream of the fair vision the day had brought him.

It was the beginning of an enchanted summer for the young doctor. Day after day he met Miss Eden, at first by so-called accident; but soon their visits were prearranged to fall together at some poor cottage, where she told him he could bring healing or he told her she could bring help.



She had thrown herself with devotion into the tending of the poor. "I have wasted so many years at school," she would say, "just on learning accomplishments for myself alone; but now I have at last the chance of helping others I must make the most of it, especially as it is in my own dear Ireland."

"The lady" was soon well known amongst the neglected tenants of an estate in Chancery. Her self-imposed duties increased from day to day. The old, dying man would take no food but from her hands. The doctor found her at his house one evening. She had cut herself badly in trying to open a bottle for him, and was deadly pale. "I can't bear the sight of blood," she confessed, and fainted on the earthen floor. It was with gentle reverence that he carried her out and laid her on the cushions of his car, spread by the roadside; but the sweet consciousness of having for that one moment held her in his arms never left him when alone. In her presence her frank friendliness drove away all idle dreams and visions.

It was on a Sunday afternoon of September that Dr. Quin and Louise Eden met again sadly at the house where they had first seen each other, that of the Capels. They were called there by a sudden message that the poor girl Mary was dying, and before they could obey the summons she had passed away.

The little room was brighter now; a large-paned window, the gift of her ministering friend, let the light fall upon the closed eyes. At the foot of the bed hung a beautiful engraving of the Magdalen at the Saviour's feet, while a bunch of tea-roses in a glass still gave out their delicate fragrance. Neighbors were beginning to throng in, but gave place to "the lady." The old father silently greeted her and wrung her offered hand, but moved away without speaking. The mother, staying her loud weeping, was less reserved.

"It's well you earned her indeed, miss," she said; "and she did be thinking of you always. The poor child, she was ill for near ten months, but I wouldn't begrudge minding her if it was for seven year. Sure I got her the best I could, the drop of new milk and a bit o' white bread and a grain o' tea in a while, and meself and the old man eatin' nothin' but stirabout, and on Christmas night we had but a herrin' for our dianner, not like some of the neighbors that do be scattering. Sure we never thought she was goin' till this morning, when she bid us send for the priest. And when she saw the old man crying, 'Father,'

says she, 'don't fret. I'll soon be in Heaven praying for you with me own Laurence.' Sure she always said she'd die on the same day as him, and she didn't after—it was of a Saturday he died and this is a Sunday."

Louise and the doctor looked up suddenly at each other. This was indeed the 13th of September, the day on which Laurence Capel had last year passed away.

They presently left the house of mourning, soon to become, by sad incongruity, a house of feasting, Louise leaving a little money for "the wake" in the old woman's hands. They walked towards home together, the doctor leading his horse.

"I hope there is nothing wrong, Miss Eden," he asked after a little, noticing how abstracted and depressed she seemed.

"Yes," she answered; "I have had news that troubles me. My brother has written to tell me that he is going to marry the lady at whose house he has been staying in Yorkshire; and that, as she has a large property there, he will give up his Irish appointment. They offer me a home, and I am sure they would be very kind. But what troubles me is the thought of leaving Cloon, where I have learned to help the people and to love them. I can never settle into a dull, selfish, luxurious life again." Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

The young man's heart beat fast. Might he—might he dare to lay himself at her feet? He nervously played with the horse's mane and said tremulously, "We can never do without you now, Miss Eden. We should all be lost without you."

He paused and looked at her. She was gazing sadly at the distant blue outline of the Clare hills, and the sun sinking behind them flashed upon her tearful eyes. She was on the other side of the horse and a little in advance, and he could not, had he dared, have touched her hand. The words came out suddenly:—

"We can never do without you here; I can never do without you. Will you stay with me? I haven't much to offer you; two hundred pounds a year is all I am earning now, and I may soon get the hospital. I can't give you what you are used to; but if I had the whole world and its riches, it's to you I would bring them."

She had stopped now and listened to him, startled. Then she turned again, looked at the tranquil hills and the far-stretching woods of Inchguile, and the smoke curling from many a poor hearthstone. A vision flashed across her mind of a life spent here in the country she had

learned to love, amongst the people she longed to succor, with for a helper the strong, skilful man who had stood with her by so many beds of sickness. Then she thought of what her future would be in a luxurious English household. She could see the well-regulated property, the tidy cottages, where squire and parson would permit her help, but not need it. An old woman looked from her doorway as they passed and said: "God speed ye! God bring ye safe home and to heaven!"

They had come to the highroad now, and as they stopped to let a drove of cattle pass, she turned and met the doctor's wistful eyes with a flash of enthusiasm in hers.

"I will stay," she said. "I will give my life to Cloon and its poor!"

Then, as they reached the stile which led into Inagh, she crossed it lightly and walked up the narrow path, scarcely remembering to look back before she was out of sight and wave her hand in farewell to her happy lover.

Happy was not, perhaps, the word to describe him by. A sudden rapture had swept over him, blinding his vision, when she had said, "I will stay." Yet now that she was out of sight without having deigned him one touch of her hand, one soft word, he felt as if all had been a dream; and was also conscious of a feeling, too subtle to be formed into a thought, that there was something wanting in this supreme moment which surely is not wanting when two hearts for the first time know themselves to be beating for each other. But she had always been such an object of worship to him, as one beyond his sphere, that he remembered how far away she had been from him but yesterday, and that doubtless the ordinary rules of love must be put aside when one so high stooped to crown the life of so unworthy a worshipper.

## II.

COLONEL EDEN returned that evening, and for some days Louise was constantly occupied with his affairs, driving and walking with him and listening to his plans and projects, and thus giving up her own solitary expeditions and visits.

She was glad of the excuse to do this. The moment of exaltation in which she had resolved to devote her life to these poor Galway peasants had passed away, and though she kept pictures before her mind of a redeemed district, and children brought up in health and cleanliness instead of disease and dirt, and home industries taking the place of the idleness

that followed spasmodic labor, misgivings entered with them as she saw herself no longer "the lady" who stooped from a high level, but a mere doctor's wife (she would not admit even to her thoughts the undesirable title of "Mrs. Quin"), living in that small staring house at the entrance of the town. Of one thing she was certain, she could not possibly suggest such an idea to her brother. She could imagine too well his raised eyebrows and sarcastic words. She must wait until he had broken all ties with the neighborhood, and then she could come back without consulting him. Her affianced husband's personality she kept as much as possible in the background. He was to be her fellow in good works, her superior in the skill and knowledge of a healer. She had only seen him during her ministrations to the poor, only talked with him of their needs and his own aspirations, had hardly looked on him as a being in whom she could take a personal interest, until that moment in the sunset when she had in the impulse of a moment linked her life to his.

A dread began to creep over her of seeing him again. How should she meet him? Could she still keep him at a fitting distance? Would he not feel that he had some claim upon her even now?

One morning, hearing wheels, she looked up from her half-hearted study of an Irish grammar and saw the well-known car and the bony grey horse appearing. To fly out by the back door, catching up her hat on the way was the work of a second. She ran down the laurel walk, crossed the stile, and was soon safely on her way to the Inchguile woods.

She was overtaken presently by a frieze-coated man, Martin Regan, who, though an Inchguile tenant and out of her usual beat, she had met once or twice, his bedridden father having sent to beg a visit from her. Their holding was a poor one enough, but by constant hard work the son had managed to keep things going. She knew the old woman who ruled in the house was his stepmother, but had not noticed any want of harmony in the family. Rumors, however, had reached her lately that the old man had been making a will, by which he left the farm and all his possessions to his wife, who had already written to recall her own son from America to share the expected legacy with her.

These rumors came back to the mind of Louise Eden as she noticed the trouble in Martin Regan's face.

"I was just going up to speak to your

honor, miss," he said, "when I seen you going through the gate, so I followed you to tell of the trouble I'm in."

"Is what I have heard true, then?" asked Louise. "Surely your father could not be so unjust as to leave the farm you have worked on so hard away from you?"

"It's true indeed, miss," said Martin. "And I'm after going to the agent about it, for Sir Richard is away, and if he could hear of it—he's a good landlord and would never see me wronged. But he says all the power is gone from the landlord now, and that if the old man was to leave the land to Parnell or another and away from all his own blood the law couldn't stop him. So God help us! I dunno at all what'll I do."

"Had you any quarrel with your father that led to this?" asked Louise, with sympathy that won the confidence of her companion, who had walked on with her to the woods, where their path was brilliantly bordered by the opaque red berries of the mountain ash, and the transparent hues of the guelder-rose.

"None at all," was the answer. "They made the will unknownst to me, and they have the little farm and the little stock, and all there is left to themselves, and for me nothing but the outside of the door and the workhouse."

"Do you think they threatened him or used force?" suggested the girl.

"Did they force him to do it, is it? They did not. But it's too much whiskey and raisin cakes they had, and me coming into the house after selling a sick pig. I never heard word or sound about it till a neighboring man told me they were gathered in the house with the priest, and looking for a witness, and I went in, and Peter Kane was in the house preparing to sign his name, and I took him by the neck and threw him out of the door, and the stepmother she took me by the skin of the shirt, and gave me a slap across the face with the flat of her hand, and I called Peter Kane to witness that she struck me, and he said he never saw it. And why? Because he had a cup of whiskey given him before, and believe me, when he turned about it smelled good! After that, no decent man could be found to sign his name, till they got two paid men. Sure there's schemers about that 'ud hang you up for half a glass of whiskey."

"And who drew up the will?" inquired Miss Eden.

"The curate, Father Sheehy that did it. Sure our own priest would never have

done it, but it was a strange curate from the County Mayo. And I asked him did he know there was such a one as me in the world, and he said he never did. Then yourself'll need forgiveness in heaven, father, says I, as well as that silly old man."

"Could you not speak quietly to your father about it?" suggested Louise.

"Sure I never see the old man but when I go into the room in the morning to wipe my face with the little towel after washing it, and he don't speak to me himself, but to himself he do be speaking. And the old woman says to me, 'Go down now to your landlord and see what he can do for you;' and I said I will go, for if he was at home, there was never a bishop or a priest or a friar spoke better and honester words to me than his honor's self."

Martin Regan paused to take breath and wipe his mouth with his coat sleeve, and after a moment's abstracted gaze at the vista of the fir-trees before him, burst out again:—

"And now it's whiskey and tea for the old woman, and trimmings at two shillings the yard for the sister's dress, and what for Martin? what for the boy that worked for them the twelve months long? Me that used to go a mile beyond Cloon every morning to break stones, and to deal for two stone o' meal every Saturday to feed the childer when there was nothing in the field. And it's trying to drive me from the house now they are, and me to wet my own tea and to dress my own bed, and me after wringing my shirt twice, with respects to ye, after working all the day in the potato ridges."

"Could no one influence your stepmother; has she no friends here?" asked Louise, much moved.

Martin Regan laughed bitterly.

"Sure she never belonged to the estate at all," he said, "but came in the middle of the night on me and the little sister sitting by the little fire of bushes, and me with a little white coat on me. And we never knew where she came from, and never brought a penny nor a blanket nor a stitch of clothes with her, and our own mother brought seventy pounds and two feather beds. And now she's stiffer than a woman that would have a hundred pounds. And now the old man's like to die, and maybe he won't pass the night, and where'll I be? Sure if he would keep him living a little longer he might get repentance."

"Had you not better ask the doctor to see him?" said Louise. "He might bring

him round for a time, and then we must do our best for you."

"I was thinking that myself," said Regan; "and I believe I'd best go look for him now; I might chance to find him at home. I heard the old woman had the priest sent for; but, sure, he's wore out anointing him—he threatened to die so often. But he's worse now than ever I saw him." And taking off his hat with many expressions of gratitude, he left Louise to finish her walk alone.

An hour or two later she returned, her hands full of sprays and berries as an excuse for her wanderings. The colonel was smoking contentedly on the bench outside the door.

"Ah, Louise," he said, "you have missed your friend the doctor you were so full of when you wrote to me. He seemed to want to see you—I suppose to have a crack about some of your patients; so I asked him to come and dine this evening."

No escape now! Louise bit her lip, and proceeded to arrange her berries.

"He seems an intelligent young man," the colonel went on; "rather good-looking, if he had a drill-sergeant to teach him to hold himself up; and I hear he doesn't drink, which can't often be said of these dispensary doctors."

The red deepened in the girl's face. How could she ever say, "This is the man I have promised to marry?" With much uneasiness she looked forward to dinner-time. Dr. Quin sent no apology; nay, was worse than punctual. He came in rather shyly, looking awkward in a new and ill-fitting evening suit, for which he had put aside his usual rough homespun. Louise, furious with herself for having blushed as he appeared, gave him a cold and formal reception.

Dinner began uncomfortably for all three, as the colonel, who had trusted to his sister to entertain their guest, found himself obliged to exert his own powers of conversation. The doctor's discomfort was intensified by what seemed to one of his simple habits the unusual variety of courses and dishes. His fish-knife embarrassed him; he waited to use fork or spoon until he had watched to see which implement was preferred by his host. He chose "sherry wine" as a beverage; and left a portion of each viand on his plate, in the groundless fear that if he finished it he would be pressed to take a further supply. When dessert was at last on the table, he felt more at ease: his host's genial manner gave him confidence; and

he was led on to talk of his work and prospects at Cloon, of the long drives over the "mountain roads," and the often imaginary ailments of the patients who demanded his attendance, and their proneness when really ill to take the advice of priest or passer-by on sanitary matters rather than his own. "But I'll get out of it, I hope, some day," he said, looking at Louise; "when I get a few more paying patients and the infirmary, I can give up the dispensary."

Louise listened, dismayed. It was the thought of succoring the poor and destitute that had led her to make the resolve of marrying their physician; and he now dreamed of giving up his mission amongst them! He, poor lad, only thought for the moment of how he might best secure a home for his fair bride not too much out of harmony with her present surroundings.

"And are you pretty sure of the infirmary?" asked the colonel, with an appearance of warm interest.

"Well, I'm not rightly sure," was the answer. "I have a good deal of promises and everybody knows me, and the other man, Cloran, is no doctor at all—only took to it lately. Sure his shop in Cloon isn't for medicine at all, but for carrot-seed and turnip-seed and every description of article. But there's bribery begun already; and yesterday, Mr. Stratton asked one of the guardians to keep his vote for me, and says he, 'how can I when I have the other man's money in my pocket?'"

"And where did you learn doctoring?" asked the colonel.

"Well, I walked St. James's Hospital in Dublin three years; and before that I was in the Queen's College, Galway, where I went after leaving the National School in Killymer."

"Were you well taught there?" inquired his host.

"I was indeed. I learned a great deal of geography and arithmetic. There's no history taught at all though, nor grammar. But you'd wonder how good the master was at mathematics, and he nothing to look at at all. His name was Shee," went on the doctor, now quite over his shyness; "and he was terrible fond of roast potatoes. I remember he used to put them in the grate to roast and take them out with two sticks, for in those days there was no tongs; and one day I brought four round stones in my pocket and put them in the grate as if they were potatoes to roast for myself. By and by, he went over and

took the stick and raked out one of them, and took it up in his hand and rubbed it on his trousers (so) to clean it, and not a tint of skin was left on his hand. And I out of the door and he after me, and I never dared go to the school again till my grandfather went before me to make peace."

The colonel laughed heartily and was proceeding further to draw out his ingenuous guest, but Louise, visibly impatient, rose to leave the room. She was chafing with shame and mortification. Had she ever thought of becoming the wife of that man with his awkward manners and Connaught brogue? Certainly she had never realized what it meant. She could never look her brother in the face again if the idea of the engagement should dawn on him. How could she escape it? Carry it out she could not. All her enthusiastic wish to spend her life in making this poor district better was now overshadowed by the unendurable thought of what her promise entailed.

Presently the doctor came in alone, Colonel Eden having gone to write a letter he wished to send by late post. He came forward at first gladly, then timidly, repelled by the girl's cold expression as she stood by the fire in her long white dress. She felt that her only chance of avoiding dangerous topics was in plunging into the subject of their mutual patients.

"Did Regan find you in time to bring you to his father?" she asked.

"He found me," said the doctor; "but I told him I couldn't come before to-morrow as I was to dine here. I thought there was no occasion for hurry."

"But did he tell you how much depends on his father's life?" said Louise, unconsciously glad to find something definite at which she might show displeasure. "Do you not know of the unjust will he has made, and that if he dies now his son will be disinherited?"

"He was telling me about it, but there's no danger of his dying yet awhile," answered the doctor, unaware of the gathering storm. "That old man has a habit of dying; he was often like that before."

"I thought it was your duty to go at once when you are told there is urgent necessity," said Louise, with heightened color; "and until now I thought it was your pleasure also."

"I'd have gone quick enough, Miss Eden, if I'd known *you* were so anxious about it," was the rather unfortunate reply; "and I'll go now this minute if you wish me to."

"My wishes are not in question," said the girl, yielding to the irritation she felt against herself and against him; "but if you neglect the call of the dying on such a trivial plea as a dinner invitation, I do not think you are justified in holding the position you do."

Colonel Eden at this moment came in, and the doctor, feeling he had given offence, but rather puzzled as to the cause, asked at once that his car might be ordered, as he had to go and see a patient some way off.

"So late, and on such a dark night!" said the colonel good-naturedly; "surely he could wait till to-morrow. Don't you think so, Louise?"

"I have no opinion to give on the matter," said his sister coldly.

She was now really vexed by the young man's quick obedience to what he interpreted to be her wish. He had no sooner taken leave than she went to her room and burst into sobs of mortified and real perplexity.

A day or two passed by during which she stayed in the house and garden. The colonel was away, doing duty for some fellow "removable" absent on leave. On his return he told his sister that he had found a letter awaiting him calling for his immediate return to Yorkshire on business connected with settlements.

"I must go the day after to-morrow," he said; "and would it not be a good plan, Louise, for you to come with me and make friends with Agnes?"

A light flashed in the girl's eyes. Was not this a way of escape for her? Oh, that she might leave Cloon while no one knew of the momentary folly that now she blushed to remember!

She quickly assented, and next morning began to make her preparations. She knew, though she would not confess to the knowledge, that she was saying good-bye forever to Inagh, the bright little home where she had been so happy; but a thought of changing her resolution never crossed her mind. She still nervously dreaded a visit from the man she was conscious she was about to wound cruelly, and in the afternoon, hearing wheels, was relieved to see only her brother driving up. He had called for a cup of tea, having to drive on and wind up some business at another village in his jurisdiction.

"I was sorry to hear of Dr. Quin's accident," he said as he waited. "I hope it is not so serious as they say."

"What accident?" asked Louise, startled.



"Oh, did you not hear that the night he dined here he went on up that narrow road to Ranahasey to see some old man, and in the dark he was thrown off his car and the wheel went over him? They brought him back to Cloon on the car; which was a mistake, and must have caused him agony. Dr. Cloran, his rival, is looking after him, and seems rather puzzled about the case, and says if he is not better to-morrow he will send to Limerick for further advice. I am very sorry, for he seemed an intelligent, good-hearted young fellow."

Louise remained alone, sick at heart. What had she done? Had she brought upon this poor lad, in return for his worship of her, actual bodily injury even before the keener pain that was to follow?

The dignified letter of dismissal and farewell she had been meditating all day became suddenly inadequate. She must ask his pardon and break to him very gently the hard sentence of renunciation and separation. Keen remorse took hold of her as she remembered his gentle ways with the sick and suffering, his strength and wisdom, when fighting against disease and death. Oh, that she had never come across his path, or that she had had a mother or friend to warn her of the dangerous precipice to which she was unconsciously leading him! What could she do now? She could not write to him, not knowing into what hands the letter might fall. She could not leave him to hear by chance next day of her departure. It was growing dark, and there was no time to lose. She would go to his house, and at all events leave a message for him. It was hardly a mile away, and she was not likely to meet any one on the road.

The low, terraced hills looked bleak and dreary, a watery sky above them. The pale sunset gleams were reflected in the pools of water on the roadside, not yet absorbed into the light, limestone soil. The straggling, one-sided street forming the entrance to Cloon looked more squalid than usual, the houses more wretched under their grass-grown thatch, the gleam and ring from the smithy the only touch of light and sound that relieved their gloom.

Louise Eden walked up the little path to the doctor's house, and, knocking at the door, asked the old woman who appeared for news of her master.

"Indeed, he's the one way always," was the reply; "no better and no worse since they brought him and laid him on the bed. You'd pity him to see him lying there, me fine boy."

"Will you give him a message from me?" asked Louise. "Will you say I have come to ask how he is, and to say good-bye, as I am going back to England?"

"He'll be sorry for that, indeed," said the old woman. "Sure, you'd best go up and see him yourself."

"Oh, no," said Louise, shrinking back, "unless—his life is not in danger, I hope?"

"Danger, is it," echoed old Mamie indignantly, though not without a momentary glance of uneasiness. "Why would he be in danger? Sure he wasn't so much hurted as that. He bled hardly at all only for a little cut on the head, and sure he has all he wants, and a nurse coming from Dublin and one of the nuns sitting with him now. It'd be a bad job if he was in danger, only twenty-four year old, and having such a nice way of living, and, indeed, he has the prayers of the poor. Go up the stairs and see him—here's his reverence coming, and might want me," she continued, as a car stopped at the gate.

Reluctantly, yet not knowing how to draw back, and unwilling to meet the priest, whom she knew slightly, Louise went up the narrow staircase. She knocked at a door standing ajar, and hearing a low "come in," entered. It was a small, bare room enough, no carpet save one narrow strip, whitened walls, and a great fire smouldering under the chimney-board of black painted wood. Even at that first glance she noticed that the only attempt at ornament was a vase containing a bunch of the red-seeded wild iris; she remembered having gathered and given it to the doctor a little time before as a "yerb" sometimes in request amongst his patients.

The fading light fell on the low iron bed upon which the young man lay, propped up with pillows. His face was much altered by these two or three days of suffering. The fair hair was covered by a bandage and the blue eyes looked larger for the black shades beneath them. But as he saw who his visitor was, a smile, very sweet and radiant, lighted them up, and a little color came into the pallid cheeks. A nun, dressed in black and with a heavily veiled bonnet half concealing her face, sat by his bedside, and looked with curiosity at the girl as she came in and gave her hand to the patient.

"I have come to ask how you are," she said, "and to tell you how very sorry I am—we are—for your accident. I am doubly grieved because——" and she



stopped, embarrassed at having to speak before a third person. The doctor's eyes were fixed on her face with the same glad smile.

"I wanted to see you," he said gently, "but I never thought you would come to this poor place. I wanted to tell you I had seen old Regan before I was hurt, and I did my best for him, and I think he won't die yet awhile."

"I am sorry," began Louise again, and then hesitated. How could she explain for how much she was sorry? How could she at this moment make any explanation at all? "I am going away," she went on — "I am going to England with my brother to-morrow. I have come to say good-bye."

The eyes that rested on her lost none of their glad look of content; she was not sure if her words had been understood, and went on talking rather hurriedly of her brother's arrangements, and who was to take his place, and of the long journey to Yorkshire.

"And now I must go," she concluded, "for I have a good deal to do at home."

The hand which lay on the counterpane sought a little packet beside the pillow.

"This was for you," he said, handing it to her.

She said good-bye again, and went slowly away; but, turning at the door, she was filled once more with keen remorse at the sight of the strong frame laid low, and the glance that followed her was so full of wistfulness that she felt that she would have stooped and, in asking forgiveness, have kissed the white-bandaged brow, if it had not been for the nun's silent presence.

It was not until late at night that she remembered and opened the little packet. It contained a massive marriage ring, such as were used by the fisher-folk on the Galway coast. She was troubled at seeing it. The strong-clasped hands and golden heart were an emblem that vexed her. She felt that while she kept it she could not be free from the promise she had given, and that her farewell could not have been understood as a final one. She determined to leave it at the doctor's house as she passed to-morrow, and wrote, to enclose with it, a letter, penitent, humble, begging forgiveness for the wrong she had thoughtlessly done to so good and loyal a friend. She did not care now if others read it; she must confess her desertion and implore pardon. The letter was blotted with tears as she folded it round the heavy ring.

But that ring of betrothal was never returned. In the morning, as Colonel Eden and his sister drove for the last time into Cloon, they saw groups of frieze-coated men and blue-cloaked women whispering together with sad faces, and a shutter being closed over each little shop window.

And when they came to the doctor's house they saw that the blinds were all drawn down.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.

#### JOHN BRIGHT'S SCHOOL.

"A THOUSAND pounds would make me a happy man," remarked Dr. Knight, then librarian at the British Museum, who had lost all his money through speculation. "Sayest thou so, friend? Then I will have the pleasure of making thee happy," replied Dr. Fothergill, the benevolent Quaker physician, who thereupon wrote out a cheque for a thousand guineas, which he put into his friend's hand, telling him to go home and set his heart at rest.

This generous man was the founder of the leading school of the Quakers, situated at Ackworth, near Pontefract, and opened in 1779 for the purpose of securing "a pious, guarded, careful education to the children of Friends not in affluence." It was here that John Bright received some portion of his education, and the school register contains the names of William Howitt, the author; of James Wilson, who became a right honorable, and financial secretary for India; of Henry Ashworth, foremost in the anti-corn law agitation; Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, the translator of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and the author of the "Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell;" Benjamin B. Wiffen, author of the "History of the Early Spanish Protestant Reformers;" Dr. Miller, F.R.S., author of the "Elements of Chemistry;" John Gilbert Baker, F.R.S., the well-known botanist; and Mrs. Ellis, author of the "Women of England."

The Ackworth School estate was originally the property of the London Foundling Hospital. The site, which contained eighty-four acres, and the buildings, were bought for £6,800, or one-half their cost. In 1847 considerable additions were made to the buildings, and adjoining land has since been bought. The property now consists of two hundred and fifty acres, one hundred and thirty of which are let, and the remainder is farmed by the insti-

tution. Howitt gives the following description of the school as it appeared in his day:—

A vast wide house, with long stone passages, large numbers of strange boys, a severe discipline, cold, hard beds at night, cold rising in the dark, early mornings, no hats allowed in the playground in the winter—and winters then were very sharp—no approach to the fire on holiday afternoons till after dark-hour, and, on rainy days, our play place an immense open shed, supported in front by Tuscan pillars, where, thrusting our hands into our bosoms, we used to huddle together by scores to keep one another warm, and happy was he that got deepest into the throng. Could anything be more comfortless?

The school was open to all poor children of parents who were members of the Society of Friends. It attracted children from America, and even from Russia. The terms were only £8 8s. a year, which included board, lodging, education, and clothing. Small as these charges seem, there were at that time several boarding schools where the terms were even lower. They were too high, however, for some of the parents, who were unable to pay the cost of conveying their children to the school. This drawback was anticipated by the committee, who offered 2d. for every mile exceeding fifty which the children travelled, and the same on the return journey. As a large proportion of the scholars came long distances, the value of this arrangement will be obvious. The first two inmates of the school came from Dorset, some three hundred miles. How they came, the historian of the school (Mr. Henry Thompson) does not say; but there were then no public coaches from some towns, the roads were bad, "nor could a timid mother always forget the graver perils of the attacks of armed highwaymen."

A coach was occasionally chartered which picked up children at various places on the road. In the regular coaches they were not welcome passengers, because their appearance was homely and their purse light. "Quite full," growled the driver to a gentleman who wanted an inside place, "and a queer lot, too, a regular rag, tag, and bobtail."

The driver did not suppose that his speech was heard by the inside passengers, and at the end of his stage came obsequiously to the door as usual. The lady in charge of the children took her revenge. Laying three sixpences in his hand one by one, she said, without a smile and unconscious of sarcasm, "that is from 'Rag,

that is from 'Tag,' and that is from 'Bobtail'!"\*

"Wanted, a schoolmaster." When Ackworth School was ready for opening, the committee sought far and wide for a schoolmaster. Dr. Fothergill at last found a young man who he hoped might answer. But the good man wished the dominie could be a fortnight under the hands of a drill sergeant to teach him how to walk. "Schoolmasters," the doctor added, "often strut sufficiently, but they should learn sometimes to do it with a good grace, for the sake of example; but we must take him as he is."

This teacher's name was Joseph Donobavand, and his salary £20 a year; after seven years' service it was increased to £35! When he married, the committee agreed to give him £50, a house rent free, and coal. Joseph was the senior writing-master, and William Howitt describes him as a tall, slender man, with a long, thin countenance, and dark hair combed backwards. "Who," asks Howitt, "does not remember his snuff-box, opened with its three systematic raps, and the peculiar jerk of his elbow when he felt himself bound to refuse some petition?" He was a most perfect master of penmanship and of swimming. The latter art, he said, he had been taught by a frog, having one end of a string tied to its leg, and holding the other in his mouth, and then pursuing it and imitating its movements. It was his favorite humor to do a kind act with an air of severity.

"Get away with thee," he exclaimed with an emphatic elbow-jerk, to a very little boy sent to him to be caned, "thee be caned, why, thou art a coward; thou art afraid to go into the bath. Get away with thee."

The Quaker schoolmasters and officials were, indeed, comical fellows, judging from the graphic pictures of them drawn by one of their scholars. "There was," remarks Howitt, "William Sowerby, an old preacher, a man in a long homespun coat, buttoned to the chin, a man of whom Crabbe might have said—

And never mortal left this world of sin  
More like the being that he entered in,

\* The phrase was in common use two hundred years ago. Pepys thus refers to it: "After that I went to see Mrs. Jem, at whose chamber door I found a couple of ladies, but she not being there, we hunted her out, and found that she and another had hid themselves behind the door. Well, they all went down into the dining-room, where it was full of *rag, rag, and bobtail*, dancing, singing, and drinking, of which I was ashamed, and after I had staid a dance or two I went away." (Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Bright, 1875.)

a creature as tender and innocent as a lamb, who wandered about the house and schools, from place to place, met us at coming out, dropped a word of advice to us, preached to us at the meeting-house of 'onions and garlic in the flesh-pots of Egypt,' and worked with us in the fields."

A little stiff man, with a round, well-fed face, and a very dry and sibilant voice, is the description given of Thomas Bradshaw, the senior reading-master. "His hat was always three-cocked; his clothes always dark brown; his gaiters black. We looked upon him with awe, for he had been a naval captain, and had heard the roar of battle, as one of his legs testified, having had the calf blown away by a cannon shot. Worthy old man—in our anger we called him Tommy Codger, and forgot the Pomfret cakes which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket, to bestow if he heard a cough—and sure enough he heard many a one as he went his evening rounds through the bedchambers."

Hard were the rules under which Ackworth School was governed. They were quite as severe as those of a monastery. Everything, in fact, was determined by rule. There was a rule as to where the boys should leap. For sixty years the following regulation was read in public once a month:—

"The boys are desired not to leap anywhere within the bounds, except on the ground below the pump or in the shed court, and there to avoid the pebbles, flags, and channel stones."

Along with this needless rule another was abolished against "peeping through the dining-room door, which shows bad manners; to look in with a view of knowing what victuals are for the next meal, betrays too much attention to what they eat."

The interference with the children's recreations by the masters went so far as to prohibit kite-flying, because a horse had taken fright at a paper kite. It was also contended that kites occasion "considerable expense of money" which may be employed more usefully, that the "diversion endangers the children's taking cold by standing, and prevents their taking exercise which is necessary for their health," and that "it is a temptation to children to go out of bounds," that is, out of the school grounds.

Different methods of punishing the boys were in force. In some cases they forfeited one week's spice; in others, their hands were tied behind them at dinner-time. But the teachers were not allowed

to inflict corporal punishment at will. The consent of all the masters had to be obtained at their weekly "courts." A modification of this regulation was, however, made, which provided that in cases of disobedience to a master's orders, or contempt of his authority, the master might at once call in two of his fellow-teachers, who, with himself, might jointly decide on the amount of correction adequate to the offence, and inflict it with the rod with due caution, not exceeding three strokes, to be done by one of the masters not offended. These methods, though cumbrous, were at any rate better than punishments inflicted in the heat of passion.

Another method of punishment was to compel offenders to sit at a table having no cloth upon it; a third, that of solitary confinement, sometimes for nights and days, with a diet of bread and water. This treatment, though bad was better than that in force at about the same time at Christ's Hospital, in the square Bedlam cells of which boys were locked up with a handful of straw and a blanket for a week or ten days together.

The schoolrooms were very unattractive and comfortless. Up to 1810 there was only one fire in each room. As the ordinary size of rooms was about fifty feet long by twenty wide, and some had stone floors, the condition of the children in the winter may be imagined. Steam pipes were afterwards substituted for fires, but it does not seem to have occurred to the committee, until ten years later, to warm the meeting-house. In the three long, solemn, and often silent services of the week held here, the historian of the school well says that the thinly clad and shivering little boys and girls had a good deal of leisure for reflecting on their misery.

Winter and summer alike, both boys and girls were compelled to bathe in a cold chalybeate spring bath, nearly a mile distant from the school, and at six o'clock in the morning! The bath was used three times a week by the boys, and three times by the girls, and was considered "a dreadful place." A dressing-room was provided for the girls, but the boys had to undress just outside the wall which enclosed the bath, and often had to lay their clothes on the snow. No towels were allowed. The bathers had to run round the pond to dry themselves. They were afterwards marched to the school, not for breakfast, but for an hour's spelling.

The school was managed by two committees, one of which sat in London, the

other at Ackworth. As might have been expected they were frequently at logger-heads. One condemned what the other suggested.

"Is the tailor an experienced artist?" asked the London committee, who were troubled at the rise in the charges of the tailoring department. The coat of 1799 cost one-third more than that of 1782, and one-fifth more than that of 1773. Disputes in connection with the consumption of beer were frequent. At one time the children drank too much in the opinion of the London committee; at another, it having been shown that the beer was bad, they dismissed the brewer. The home committee minutely defined the duties of the servants, and even regulated the manner in which the cloth was to be laid, where the doctor should take his meals, who should sit at the head of the table, and who at the bottom. They further recommended that "the family do not retire in a hurry after dinner, but wait at least till the cloth be taken away."

The committee drew up a bill of fare for every day in the week. For breakfast, milk porridge poured on bread was the rule; for dinner some of the dishes brought to table do not appear to have been very appetizing. "The lobsouse of fourth and seventh days had then, as forty years afterwards, an unpopular character, and the thick batter pudding, served in great iron dishes, with treacle sauce, which instituted the fifth day dinner, and which, as a second course, long afterwards exercised the masticatory muscles of Ackworth scholars, does not appear, at any time, to have been a favorite dish, as may be supposed from its sobriquet of *clatty* or *clarty vengeance*. There was, of course, always beer at table, served in little tin dishes." The use of beer was continued until 1835; and in 1842 the public-house on the estate was transformed into a temperance hotel.

At the centenary of the school in 1879 a correspondent reported that one of the most striking relics was a large iron pie-dish, four feet in circumference, and four inches in depth wherein were made the gooseberry and apple pies in bygone times, which were so highly esteemed. They had a crust at the bottom, top, and sides, with the well-sweetened fruit between. One of these pies was often known to be barely sufficient for four boys who had well-advanced appetites. The dish was also used for lobsouse twice a week, and rice pudding once a week, a dish very unpopular throughout the school,

and many and various were the means sometimes employed to dispose of this unpalatable dinner. By the side of the dish hung the wooden trencher, discontinued in 1830 in favor of earthenware plates. It was used at dinner as a plate by both boys and girls. After much service the wood used to crack and the gravy of the "lob" would run through on to the clothless tables. When peas were extra abundant, the boys had "pea lob" served on these trenchers, and tradition records how the breakfast spoons were pocketed in order to facilitate the despatch of this rare delicacy, so that a boy has been known to hand up his trencher nineteen times for the much-coveted "pea lob."

What did the children wear? The girls "figured in white caps, the hair turned back over them or combed straight down on the forehead, checked aprons with bibs, and white neck-handkerchiefs folded neatly over their stuff gowns in front. Their walking costume was a kind of hat and a long cloth cloak, with colored mits reaching to the elbows."

The boys wore leather breeches, cocked hats, long-tailed coats, and buckled shoes. In 1820 leather breeches were abolished, and corduroy substituted. The former were styled "Leather Dicks;" they were so stiff and strong that the proper way of getting into them was to balance them on end and jump into them, and so tough that the boys used to cut strips off for making whip lashes. Tradition says that one boy laid in a stock of lashes by cutting the whole of one leg away, and, as a punishment, the tailor made him a huge stocking which the boy had to wear on his dismantled leg.

"Leather Dicks" were so exceedingly uncomfortable that one pair was "long retained for temporary penal use by boys of all sizes who inked or otherwise abused their trousers." Both boys and girls wore the same clothing in winter as in summer. The boys wore no hats; it was considered effeminate to cover the head. Once a month, however, this iron rule was relaxed when the scholars had their monthly walk "out of bounds" into the country. The scene is thus described by William Howitt:—

"The bell rang; the children ran to collect in the shed; they drew up in two long lines facing each other, perhaps two yards apart. Large wicker baskets were brought forth from the store-room piled with hats of all imaginable shapes and species, for they were such as had been left by the boys from the commencement of the in-

stitution. And there they were; broad brims, narrow brims, brown, and black and white, pudding crowns, square crowns, and even sugar-loaf crowns, such as Guy Faux himself wore. Those, without ceremony, were popped upon the heads of boys at random; little ones were left sticking on the very summit of great round-headed lads ready to fall off at the first move, and great ones dropping over the noses of little ones."

When the boys left school, their parents put them in a more civilized costume, which gave great offence to the committee of the school. A resolution was passed expressing sorrow that parents had been so indiscreet as to cast aside the simple garb of the school, "thereby laying waste, as it were with a stroke, the care of the society, so far as it relates to plainness of apparel, and opening a ready way for other deviations from a self-denying conduct." The parents of some children were unfortunately not able to supply new clothes, the consequence being that the boys suffered no little persecution for their enforced singularity. One Quaker relates that when he went out in his Ackworth garb, as an apprentice, the boys ran after him in the streets and threw dirt at him. The Quaker costume is no longer worn. With the advance of the times, many reforms have taken place in the school. A more liberal spirit prevails in the management, and a more comprehensive scheme of education has been introduced. More than ten thousand scholars have been educated within the walls of Ackworth school.

A. ARTHUR READE.

From The New Review.

#### THE GURKHAS: A FIGHTING RACE.

ACCORDING to Sir Charles Dilke, who has dealt with this subject at some length in his "Problems of Greater Britain," the only native soldiers fit to be placed in the field in Afghanistan are Gurkhas, Sikhs, Pathans, Afridies, and the best of the Punjab Mussulmans. This view is not universally accepted, but undoubtedly the races he specifies do furnish the best soldiers of our Indian army, and it is rather significant that with the exception of the Sikhs and Punjabis, they are all found outside our dominions. The recent disaster in Manipur has brought the Gurkhas more especially to the notice of the public, and in this article it is proposed to go briefly over their military history since we came

in contact with them, describing their characteristics and merits as fighting men, and to examine the credentials they can adduce of their worthiness to stand in line of battle shoulder to shoulder with British troops.

As is well known, the Gurkhas inhabit the hill districts of Nepaul which separate that kingdom from our northern territory. They are a mixed race (except the western tribes, who are the best fighting men), and are supposed to be the descendants of Hindu refugees who fled from before the Mussulman invasion and the Mongol tribes inhabiting the Nepaulese hills. Be that as it may, their physiognomy is of an unmistakably Chinese or Tartar character, with small eyes, flat noses, and meagre whiskers. They are sturdily built, but in stature are very short; the average height of a Gurkha soldier cannot be much over five feet three inches. The present writer remembers, when his own was brigaded with two Gurkha regiments at a camp of exercise at Delhi many years ago, the difficulty, almost impossibility, experienced by the British riflemen, themselves not tall men, of conforming to the short, quick step of the Gurkhas when marching past with them. In those days there were some very old soldiers among them; one native officer was a white-haired veteran of fifty-two years' service, but he still appeared hale and hearty. But comparatively few as his inches are, the Gurkha is a man every inch of him, and he is a standing proof that height is not a *sine quâ non* in a soldier if his heart is in the right place and if his physique in other respects is satisfactory. It is true that in England a diminutive stature is apt to be accompanied by a diminutive chest, but still I am not sure that too much importance is not attached to the height standard. No doubt, other things being equal, a good big man is better than a good little man, but there must be no mistake in the former quality. A tall, growing lad wants more nourishment than a short one, and in the classes from which our recruits are drawn this is not always or even often sufficiently procurable. It may well be doubted whether for the wear and tear of a campaign the cobby man of five feet five inches is not often far more effective than his more elongated comrade of six feet. I remember a Crimean veteran telling me his experience. He was only five feet four inches, and had great difficulty in being accepted as a recruit, but as he was of sturdy build an exception was made in his favor. I quote his own picturesque



language: "While it was peace I was always 'hid away in the centre of the rear rank and kep' out of sight as much as possible, but when we come to the Crimea I never missed a hour's duty the 'ole time, and did the work of many a tall man dead or sick, and at Inkerman a bullet went through the 'air of my 'ead, which if I 'ad been a inch higher it would have gone through my 'ead." However, this is a digression, and, to return to the Gurkhas, no additional inches are required in his case to make a splendid fighting soldier.

Whether it is fighting hand to hand with the bayonet or with his national weapon, the kukri, a murderous-looking curved knife with the sharp edge on the inside like a sickle, or at long range with the modern arms of precision, is all one to him, and he thoroughly enjoys himself either charging or skirmishing. These kukris in their hands are formidable weapons; with them they can bisect goats or decapitate a bullock, and, of course, can use them on the human body with equal effect. In one of our frontier expeditions the Pathans were retreating up the hillside, pursued by some Gurkhas. One of them, the smallest man in his regiment, got above the track by which the enemy were retreating, crouched behind a rock, and on a tall Pathan stopping just below him to fire, sprang out at him, and, as related to me by an eye-witness, cut his head in two like a pumpkin. Another eye-witness told me that in the Mutiny he saw some Sepoys take refuge in a house, and a little Gurkha crouch down by a window, watching for his opportunity like a cat by a mouse hole. After some waiting a Pandey put his head cautiously out to reconnoitre, but he never drew it in again, the Gurkha having cut it off with a single blow. It must be confessed that there is something of the savage in the Gurkha, and his employment against a European enemy might be objected to by some over-sensitive philanthropists; but, after all, if you are to be killed in action, it does not matter much whether your head is sliced in two by a kukri or pierced by a bullet from a Mark II. magazine rifle, which, I suppose, may be taken as the most civilized lethal weapon now before the public.

The Gurkhas are Hindus in religion, but they are not always averse to alcoholic indulgence or to hobnobbing with their English comrades, and in more than one instance very close bonds of union exist between British and Gurkha regiments. Thus the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade and the 4th Gurkhas started an acquaintance

when brigaded together at the Delhi camp of exercise in 1875, and this ripened into close friendship under the more exciting circumstances of the Afghan war of 1878. The men used to help to pitch and strike each other's tents; they drank tea, and perhaps rather stronger beverages, and gambled mildly with each other; on Christmas day each rifle company presented two sheep to the corresponding Gurkha company, which compliment, with the addition of a dram of rum per man, was returned later on; the Rifle Brigade presented the Gurkhas with a musketry challenge shield and a silver bugle. A similar brotherhood arose between the Sirmoor Gurkha Battalion (now the 2nd Gurkhas) and the 60th Royal Rifles during their association on the Ridge at Delhi in 1857, and the next time they met a symposium of a somewhat Bacchanalian character took place. This alliance was, I believe, renewed twenty years later in the Afghan war, though with a different battalion of the Rifles. This feeling should be encouraged and fostered whenever it exists, and if it became universal would do more than anything to weld our two Indian armies into one homogeneous whole. There does not seem to be the same tendency on the part of the Gurkhas to fraternize with other native regiments to the same extent. On the eve of the Mutiny a detachment of them in the musketry camp at Umballa asked leave to pitch their tents among those of the British troops, as they did not like being mixed up with the *kala log* (black fellows). Nor had they any sympathy whatever with the latter in their aversion to the greased cartridges, the issue of which was one of the immediate causes of the outbreak; in fact, they asked that these cartridges should be served out to them for use at target practice. The restrictions of caste do not seem to press at all heavily on them, especially in war time, a great advantage whenever they serve outside India.

For many years there were not more than three or four battalions of Gurkhas in our service, and these were mostly composed of the best fighting type. It must be remembered that Gurkhas are not all alike, and the best of them are not always procurable. The fighting tribes are only found in three of the western districts of Nepaul, and though men from further east have served in considerable numbers in our ranks, those who have had experience of them do not consider them equal to the real fighting class of Gurkhas



found in the west. At first there does not seem to have been much difficulty in recruiting, but after a time the Nepaulese government, and especially Jung Bahadur, the famous prime minister, began to object to the loss of so many of their best fighting men, and serious obstacles were thrown in the way of the recruiting parties. Men were more or less smuggled out of Nepaul, and some lost their lives in the attempt. It would have been difficult to keep up the regiments from foreign sources only—it took three years to fill up the ranks of the Sirmoor Battalion after Delhi—but a new and excellent supply of recruits became available in the "line boys." These were the sons of soldiers, who, as a rule, were looking forward to the time when they could enlist and serve side by side with their fathers. They were pure bred Gurkhas—when men were scarce, recruiting parties were sometimes encouraged to bring back Gurkha women, who found husbands in the regiments—and were as good as the foreign born recruits. Gurkhas could never return to Nepaul; hence a proposal was made to colonize a portion of the Dhoon country with discharged soldiers, and a scheme with this object was submitted to government by Sir Charles Reid, of Delhi renown, commandant of the 2nd Gurkhas, but nothing came of it, though it seems to have been practicable and desirable.

The first experience we had of the fighting qualities of the Gurkhas was in the Nepaulese war of 1814-16, when our troops met them as enemies for the only time in their history. This war was not one that added much to the laurels of our army. Though we put in the field the very considerable force of over twenty thousand regular troops, and some ten thousand irregulars, while it is doubtful if the Gurkhas had half that number, it took two years' tough fighting to bring them to terms. The first year's campaigning was almost entirely in their favor, but it must be added that the incapacity of most of the brigadiers employed contributed greatly to the unfortunate results. In this war the Gurkhas displayed against us all the splendid martial qualities which have been conspicuous on a hundred battlefields since, when they have been fighting shoulder to shoulder with British troops against Jats, Marathas, Sikhs, Sepoy mutineers, Afghans, Pathans, Malays, and Burmans. The war opened most inauspiciously for us with the siege of Kalunga, where six hundred Gurkhas entrenched in a stock-

aded fort repulsed five assaults of British and native troops, in one of which the general commanding fell. Though they were compelled to evacuate the fort eventually, it was not until they had only seventy unwounded men left, and they had inflicted on their assailants the heavy loss of thirty-one officers and seven hundred and ten men, many more than their own original number. Nor were they less formidable in attack than in defence. At Jythuk they charged our position nine times, and forced our troops to beat a disastrous retreat. In the art of skirmishing they taught us many salutary lessons. We are told that "their mode of attack was peculiarly harassing: entrenching themselves behind jutting points of rock, and other situations affording shelter, they kept up an irregular fire, charging occasionally, and then retiring to their coverts." This rude awakening staggered our generals, and whereas the opening operations were characterized by inconsiderate rashness, this soon disappeared and was replaced by extreme caution, not to say timidity. If the viceroy, Lord Hastings, had wished to follow the example of the Nepaulese government, who paraded one of their generals in female attire at a public durbar for incapacity and hesitation, he would have found more than one eligible candidate for such a distinction among his brigadiers. General Ochterlony had the credit of changing the aspect of affairs. He was not above taking a hint from an enemy he had never underrated, and recognized that the use of stockades might be as valuable to an invading as to a defending army. Like the New Zealand Maories, the Gurkhas were very skilful in their construction. Made of rough hewn wood and stones, heaped together between an outer and an inner palisade, they often proved very tough nuts to crack. General Ochterlony adopted them for the defence of his posts and lines of communication, and this, with more attention to the ordinary rules of strategy and tactics, enabled him to bring the war to a more satisfactory conclusion than had at one time seemed probable.

Unfortunate in many respects as this war was, it had its compensations in opening up to us a new recruiting ground, of which we immediately availed ourselves. Three battalions of Gurkhas were raised during the war itself, and some of them served in the concluding operations of the campaign. Some years later Mr. Hodgson, the resident at Khatmandu, in calling attention to the soldierly qualities of the

Gurkhas, described their courage as equal to their discipline, and said that "they saw in foreign service nothing but the prospect of glory and spoil." He specified a body of thirty thousand men off the roll — apparently a sort of reserve — as a source immediately available for recruiting. Before this, however, Gurkha troops had received their baptism of fire in our service, more especially at the famous siege of Bhurtpore. Here, in addition to plenty of hard fighting in the trenches, they were specially utilized as sharpshooters, their skill as marksmen having been already discovered.

Besides important campaigns like the above, irregular warfare against Pindarries and marauders of all sorts kept our troops constantly employed in the field. On one occasion a detachment of the Sirmoor Battalion of Gurkhas drove a band of eight hundred freebooters into a strong village fort, and, not having artillery or ladders, had recourse to the old-fashioned expedient of a battering-ram, which they made out of a tree. Working this under a heavy fire, under which many fell, they burst in the gate, and after a desperate hand to hand encounter utterly destroyed the robber gang.

A battalion of Gurkhas was employed in the first Afghan war, and formed part of Shah Soojah's army. After serving with credit throughout the war, on one expedition under the celebrated Sir James (then Captain) Outram they were overwhelmed in the disasters which overtook the greater part of the Kabul force. They were stationed at Charekar, about fifty miles from Kabul, and were cut off by overpowering hordes of tribesmen; but though quite raw troops, they displayed, under trying circumstances, a courage worthy of their reputation. They defended themselves in flimsy barracks and huts with indomitable tenacity, and their eventual destruction was due as much to lack of water as to the efforts of the Afghans.

But a more satisfactory opportunity of proving their mettle was at hand. The Sutlej war of 1845-6 brought them into contact with the Sikhs, and their conduct at the obstinately contested battles of Aliwal and Sobraon elicited commendation from their generals, Sir Harry Smith and Sir Hugh Gough, two most competent judges.

In this campaign the Gurkhas came under the notice of the viceroy, Sir Henry Hardinge. On one occasion, when he was inspecting them, he was told by an Irish

officer that their small stature was due to the smallness of their pay.

During the next few years there were several frontier expeditions, in some of which Gurkhas were engaged, but I pass on to the crisis of 1857, when the Gurkhas were to be put to a severer test than any they had yet been subjected to, and nobly did the Sirmoor Gurkha Battalion at the memorable siege of Delhi justify the reputation won on the Sutlej. This battalion was marched down from Degra, their hill station, to form part of the force besieging Delhi, and was at first the only native regiment with it. Attempts were made to seduce the men from their allegiance, but in vain. As one of them said: "The regiment goes wherever it is ordered; we obey the bugle call." And the truth of this was soon demonstrated. At first they were looked upon with some distrust, but the first day's fighting removed this, and the loyalty and valor of the Sirmoorites were fully recognized. To them — afterwards reinforced by the Guides, a splendid regiment in which there was a good sprinkling of Gurkhas, and two companies of the 60th Rifles, with two guns — was assigned the defence of Hindu Rao's house, and the neighboring posts on the right of the British line, and, judging by the repeated attacks made by the mutineers on this part of the position, it seems to have been the key of the whole. On no less than twenty-six different occasions did this small force sustain and repulse the onslaught of vastly superior numbers, besides taking part in various offensive operations. For three months and eight days it was under an almost continuous fire night and day, and the losses of the Sirmoor Battalion during the siege, amounting to three hundred and twenty-seven killed and wounded out of a total of four hundred and ninety, and eight officers out of nine, sufficiently indicate the severity of the ordeal undergone by them. The selection of Major, now General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B., commandant of the Gurkhas, to the command of this post was a happy one. To undaunted courage in the field he joined unwearying vigilance in defence, never quitting the Ridge except to attack the enemy, and never visiting the camp until carried into it wounded on the day of the final assault.

Hindu Rao's house was of solid construction, with stone walls three feet thick, and it was well it was so as it was within easy range of the big guns mounted on the city walls. It was a hospital as well as a barrack, a magazine and a fort, as the

Gurkhas had a great objection, when wounded or sick, to being taken away from their own people, and it was found better to keep them at the front in spite of the heavy fire which occasionally penetrated into the wards. One advantage of their being thus on the spot was that when their services were wanted to repel a sortie, slightly wounded men could take their places in the ranks, and were always quite ready to do so. On the day of the assault more than fifty men came out of hospital to take part in it. This being the spirit that animated them it is no wonder that wave after wave of assailants beat against their position in vain. In one of the early fights the mutineers called out: "We will not fire on the Gurkhas, come over and join us." "Oh, yes," was the reply, "we are coming," and they did come, but it was with a volley and a charge. On another occasion Major Reid was anxious to draw the enemy on, and accordingly, having previously warned his men of what he was going to do, sounded the retreat and fell back, halting his regiment under the brow of a hill. The enemy, who, of course, knew the bugle calls well, fell into the trap, and pressing on with the alacrity that Orientals always display in pursuit of a retiring foe, paid dearly for their mistake. None but staunch troops could have been safely withdrawn in this way under fire. Another time Major Reid, returning from the front, after an engagement, saw a boy not more than thirteen years of age crouching behind a rock, and armed with a rifle. Suspecting it was one of his line boys, he went up to him and found that it was so. The boy had accompanied his father into action, and when the latter was knocked over he took his rifle and ammunition and went on with the regiment. He displayed with great pride four distinct wounds made by one bullet which had gone through both his legs. Recognizing that he was one of the right sort, Major Reid at once admitted him into the ranks and then promoted him corporal. He served throughout the remainder of the siege, receiving two more wounds, and eventually became a native officer, and is, I believe, still serving.

The final assault was the only occasion on which the Gurkhas failed to carry out the task assigned them, the storming of Kissengunge, but it was through no slackness on their part. The absence of artillery, the loss of their commandant, struck down early in the day, and the misbehavior of a contingent of Jummoo troops, sufficiently account for the mishap. The ser-

vices of the Gurkhas were fully recognized by the government, and no regiment left Delhi with a higher reputation. The other Gurkha regiments remained equally loyal, and were engaged in the suppression of the Mutiny, but none of them had such an opportunity as Delhi afforded to the Sirmoor Battalion. There was an alarming ebullition in the Nusseree Battalion, stationed near Simla, when the general outbreak took place, but it had nothing to do with the rising of the Bengal army, and the men promptly returned to duty when their grievances were redressed.

In the almost annual expeditions on the north-west frontier, the Gurkhas have been largely employed, especially the 5th Regiment, which forms part of the Punjab frontier force, and they have shown themselves just as good soldiers in the hills as in the plains. On one occasion a little Gurkha called out to his British officer: "Hide behind me, and I will protect you from the fire." As the latter was a stalwart man of inches the shelter would have been ludicrously inadequate, but the offer, though not accepted, was kindly meant.

In 1875 the 1st Gurkhas were engaged with a novel species of foe, the Malays of the Malay Peninsula, and, as ever, did their duty manfully.

The Afghan war saw the whole of the Gurkha regiments in the field, and all had their share of hard work. The 5th Regiment served under Sir F. Roberts in his advance on Kabul and his defence of that place; the 2nd and 4th formed part of the relieving force under Sir C. Gough; the 3rd greatly distinguished themselves at Ahmed Khel in repelling a charge of Ghazis that was pushed home with fanatical desperation; the 2nd, 4th, and 5th were selected to take part in the famous march to Kandahar, and were engaged in the victory outside its walls. Here a Gurkha of the 2nd Regiment stuffed his cap into a captured gun to establish the claim of his regiment to the trophy.

This paper does not profess to give a complete military history of the Gurkhas, nor does my space admit of it, but enough evidence has been adduced to show what valuable auxiliaries we have in these splendid little soldiers. "*Malheureusement il n'y en a pas beaucoup,*" to slightly alter Marshal Bugeaud's saying. However, their numbers have been considerably increased of late years. Each of the five old regiments has received a second battalion, and the three regiments permanently stationed on our eastern frontier,

the 42nd, 43rd, and 44th, are now all Nepaulese. It is from these last that the men were drawn who composed Mr. Quinton's escort on his late disastrous mission to Manipur. They are mostly from eastern Nepaul, and hitherto have done their work satisfactorily, and are now engaged in restoring order in Manipur.

The inevitable result of this increase must be a much larger infusion of men of this stamp, not only into the new battalions but into the old. It might be better to reserve the western Gurkhas for the regiments stationed near the north-west frontier; the eastern men are quite good enough for any work on the Assam border, being men of fine physique, and probably better than the bulk of our native troops. The 3rd Gurkhas are largely made up of Kumaon men, who were not formerly regarded as equal to the regular fighting tribes, but they emerged from the fiery ordeal of Ahmed Khel with conspicuous credit, and it is reasonable to hope that the new battalions, when the test comes, may prove themselves equally trustworthy.

Service with Gurkha regiments has always been eagerly sought for, and many fine soldiers have been and are among their officers. Fishier, Reid, Macpherson, McIntyre, Tytler, Lyster, Cook — the last five Victoria Cross men — are only a few of them. Their constant employment on active service is a great attraction, and that their services are still in demand is shown by the fact that at the time this paper was written six or seven Gurkha battalions were in the field.

Much of what I have set down is well known to those who have served in India, especially to those who have seen Gurkhas in action; but there are many who do not discriminate between the somewhat heterogeneous elements that make up our Indian army. It is for their benefit that I write, in the hope of contributing something to their knowledge and appreciation of our valiant little brothers in arms.

N. G. LYTTTELTON.

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From The Westminster Review.  
PRINCE NAPOLEON.

So much has been recently written on the career of the late Prince Jerome Napoleon, by those who in person watched his attitude during the glittering day of the Second Empire, as well as at the period of its tragic collapse, certain among them having even assisted at the brief moment

of its strange and unaccountable rise, that an attempt to do other than to crystallize some of their utterances, as given verbally or in the columns of the daily press, on the more enduring pages of a magazine would be an act of presumption to be rightly condemned.

Much of ill, something of good, and an immensity of what is of deep psychical as well as of political interest has been reiterated concerning this remarkable scion of the great Corsican race, who, had it not been that certain flaws of principle and of character blocked his path, would have been the Napoleon of the second half of the century; but none have been able to declare if he were the last of that race, and on this depends the importance or the triviality of all that has been said, raising the tale of his failure to the level of history or letting it drop into lasting oblivion. Jerome Napoleon (we call him by the name by which he is more generally known) had been so little able to identify himself with the imperialism of the Buonapartes, that it is difficult to say if it survived to fall with him, and two decades have passed leaving unrevealed the secret as to whether or not the turmoil of '70 left the great Colossus shattered beyond repair. When Charles the Great, to whom the first Napoleon loved to liken himself, flung down the Irmin-Sul, he ground the vast form into dust beneath his heel, hurling it away into space on the winds which swept over the land whose god it had been, so that no fragment might remain out of which life could again be evolved to defy him; but one of the characteristics of the present day is that it leaves its work incomplete. A wasted Palatinate could not now occur; the hewing away of root and branch is unknown; and when Dagon falls from his pedestal, not only the stump of him, but head and shoulders are left entire, that he may be restored again if hand there be to do the work.

That the legends of nations, when written with the grand swing of epic verse, live long, is well known. The weakness of the Napoleonic legend is that it can now no longer be read out in full. The child of 1815 might be safely taught the names of Vittoria and of Waterloo; so dazzled was he by those of a score of brilliant successes on his own side, that he looked on these reverses as accidents, mysterious and inexplicable, rather than crushing. Besides, was it so sure that the Column of Boulogne was built out of Caligula's shells only, and that prince of Moscow was a title recording flight and shame! Now

the sons of those children are taught that Sedan has blotted out Wagram, and that the guns which thundered across France in 1870 have silenced forever the glorious echo of those which opened the gates of half the cities in Europe in turn. Above all, they are taught that Alsace-Lorraine is very wide, and that her shadow has covered up forever those glorious fields, extending from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, of which France was once so proud. Parisians, too, reproach the Napoleons for the results of that final blow which they themselves aimed at the fallen dynasty. Had they not been maddened by the triumphant approach of their hereditary foes, they argue, the degradation of those days of the commune would not have fallen upon them, and a feather on the wind of recent events has shown that that degradation is still felt. Jerome Napoleon, again, was not one who could teach men to forget that which it was to his own disadvantage they should remember, or who, falling by mischance to the earth, could grasp its substance, crying: "See how I seize that which is mine own!"

We follow him from point to point in his career in puzzled wonder; he marches so gallantly up to his goal, and then swerves aside when his hand is on the very cord. We see him ever strike his blow in the right way, but at the wrong time. We wonder over his great gifts, and marvel to find how little he knows how to use them; we are bewildered as we watch him sedulously working away to undermine that fortress of tradition on which depend the fortunes of his race; and we ask how it was possible that this deep-thinking philosopher should fail to understand that he who could not train himself either to follow or to lead must come to nothing in the struggle of life.

Among the greatest of his gifts was that of oratory. Powerful, impressive, persuasive, convincing, he fairly swung men's opinions round when he spoke and ranged them on his own side. But the effect produced by his words was curiously evanescent, and he has hardly left a "mot" behind. In that he stands almost alone among brilliant Frenchmen. Talleyrand, Thiers, and others have sprung from point to point in their career by means of some bright word — often, indeed, not uttered by themselves at all — which caught men's ears and held their eyes fixed on the speaker till he should place another treasure in their keeping. French history is written in a few score of short phrases,

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXV. 3863

and its makers have built up their fame on their own monosyllables. When the third Napoleon said, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," he might mean nothing, and did mean nothing, but he had written a line across his tri-color round which men could rally, and as there was no one at hand to show how little likely the slender thread was to curb the fierce flight of the imperial eagle, all went well. He, the cousin of the prince, of whom we write, must have lost his crown if the wearing of it had depended on his power to pen such a document as "*La Vérité à mes Calomniateurs*," and its companions, but these pieces of writing, splendid as they were, did not contain one telling phrase which could strike back a calumny at need. The one scathing epithet his enemies threw at him, driving it home, Jerome Napoleon accepted, disdaining or unable to fling it from him, and this to his cost. Every public man has received some such missile, but by intention, or otherwise, setting to work to make it inapplicable to his own established personality, he has caused the wound dealt, to be cured in a day. Not the least important element in Prince Napoleon's failure was that he set no value on personal popularity. We hear nothing of those who, either as multitudes or as individuals, had been induced to attach themselves to him, idolizing his cause because he was of it, and, seeing that he himself still existed, refusing with gallant obstinacy, to believe that cause dead. Instead we find a nation joining in the laugh against one who was too haughty or too indifferent to reply to the taunt of having hung about in the waiting-rooms of his political opponents, while one who is described as among the staunchest of his friends says, on being informed of his death: "I like him better since I know that I shall not see him again."

Yet we hear one after another testify to his brilliant qualities as a companion. Eloquent in the expression of his own views, attentive to all of weight which another might have to urge; endowed with an almost miraculous memory, which was fortified, not weakened, as its luxuriant stores were attacked by time; the gold of historical and political lore kept ready at hand, while its dross was at once detected and flung aside; possessed of a power of interesting himself in everything — travel, philosophy, science in its hundred varied branches, topics of the day, the lives of nations; and, added to this, a charm of manner, of which none escaped the spell,



however prejudiced against him they might previously have been; these are qualities which when combined are rare, but which Prince Napoleon owned to an extraordinary degree.

As might be anticipated with one who was indifferent to the susceptibilities of others and careless of consequences as regarded himself, he frequently permitted his brilliant periods to pass the bounds of prudence, and grave charges of indiscretion, criminal in one of his position, have been brought against him. Numerous instances of such might be quoted, but that of the notorious Corsican speech of 1865, on the occasion of his unveiling the statue of his imperial cousin, will suffice. In attempting to form a correct estimate of the prince's character, one is struck by the essential difference between the view taken of him by M. Ernest Renan and that of others who have enjoyed his intimacy. When that ardent and faithful friend tells us that there was no subject, in literature, science, or art with which the object of his admiration was not thoroughly acquainted, and that in the course of a single evening he heard him astonish a naval commander with his knowledge of navigation, electrify an Orientalist by his handling of Persian literature, and confute the statements of an astronomer regarding the nebular hypothesis, M. Renan does but confirm the statements of others who have assisted at similar displays of omniscience; but when he goes on to describe the prince as "a very great soul," "who combined goodness of heart with the most touching simplicity," "who had a very beautiful character, and did not deserve the fate which befell him," and "who would have been happy, as he well merited, if he had eschewed politics, and spent his life at Prangins in the society of Princess Clotilde," M. Renan finds no echo to his opinions.

Consideration also of the attitude Jerome Napoleon adopted on other critical occasions inclines one to doubt what M. Renan avers, that the '70 events would never have occurred had the prince not elected to pay a second visit to Spitzbergen at the very moment when, in the gardens of Ems, the Prussian monarch was turning his back on the ambassador of the French emperor with the war-fraught words: "Tell this gentleman I have nothing more to say to him."

However, this is a cause in which few would wish to enter the lists with M. Renan, even supposing they were equal to the encounter in other ways; rather would

they yield the point, turning away with a feeling of envy of the prince who had been able to secure so devoted a friend. That part of his life which included such episodes as the expedition in the direction of the great unseen Poie is one on which an English pen likes to linger, avoiding for the moment those troubled scenes of intrigue in which the greater part of Prince Napoleon's life was passed. In 1856 he set out for the North in the imperial yacht *Reine Hortense*, in whose name Napoleon III. lovingly revived the memory of his beautiful and gifted mother, the queen of Holland, who had lived long enough to do her part in preparing him for his great future, but not to watch him enter into the first phases of his enjoyment of it. We find an account of the prince's cruise under the title of "*Voyages dans les Mers du Nord à bord de la Corvette Reine Hortense*," by M. Charles Edmond. Copious allusions to this expedition are also to be found in an interesting and delightful book, more familiar to English readers, "*Letters from High Latitudes*," by the present Marquis of Dufferin. It is interesting to notice the freak of fate which first brought these two remarkable men together here, and then, after the lapse of thirty-five years, placed them side by side in Rome, the one after swaying the destinies of millions in the extreme west and the extreme east of our realm, pleased to enjoy an interval of comparative repose as representative of his queen to a court which was at the date named barely a political possibility; the other, whom '56 had found first cousin and favored friend of a powerful emperor, fresh from a victorious war, with only one frail young life between himself and a throne, treading that path which should also lead him to the gates of the Eternal City, but above the archways of which for him was written "*César déclassé*," "*Carrière manquée*," and failure — though the most brilliant of the century, still failure — while the opinion of most is that his is the hand which most surely snapped the violet chain that linked his own day to the past, and that his life is rightly summed up in his own sad words: "I can succeed in nothing, not even in dying."

In the journal of this Northern cruise Lord Dufferin speaks warmly of the prince's graciousness and consideration for others, tells of his visit of inspection to the *Foam*, the Englishman's own little boat, describes the fairy-like appearance of the graceful *Reine Hortense* on the occasion of a ball given to the fair maid-

ens of Iceland, and the final moment when the magnificent corvette, finding she had not sufficient coal to continue her voyage, steamed away to Europe, taking with her, as was sure to be the case if Prince Napoleon were in command, a wealth of scientific treasure.

Of other voyages we hear, too — notably the venturesome one of '61, when in the Jerome Napoleon, he crossed the Atlantic, accompanied by Princess Clotilde, during the American War, and under a safe-conduct, visited the camp of either side, in turn; also of the final expedition of '70, when the Empress Eugénie remarked: "The emperor is away. You are going to the North Pole. I myself leave tomorrow. We are a curious government, but there is nothing going on, and we can sleep peacefully."

In Lord Dufferin's book, describing his meeting with the prince off Iceland, we find the following description of Jerome Napoleon's personal appearance: "Although," Lord Dufferin says, "I never had the pleasure of seeing Prince Napoleon before, I should have known him among a thousand, from his remarkable likeness to his uncle, the first emperor. A stronger resemblance, I conceive, could scarcely exist between two persons. The same delicate, sharply cut features; thin, refined mouth, and firm, determined jaw. The prince's frame, however, is built altogether on a larger scale, and his eyes, instead of being of a cold, piercing blue, are soft and brown, with quite a different expression."

This sketch is interesting as tallying so nearly with that which has been written of Prince Napoleon by those who have had the honor of meeting him under Lord Dufferin's roof at the British Embassy in Rome during the past year. On such occasions the prince conversed little, but stood apart, with his king-in-exile look, considering attentively the brilliant crowd around him, which must have recalled to his mind the court at the Tuilleries a quarter of a century before. None who saw him thus could fail to be impressed by the majesty of his presence and demeanor, and the strange fascination of his fixed, powerful face.

Nearly two score years had at this time elapsed since Lord Dufferin described the prince during his Polar visit. The imperial features had become more massive and the iron jaw more grim, but the remarkable likeness still existed. The profile was still that which might be traced on some coin dug up from the mould of

the Forum, or singled out from the line of busts in the hall of the emperors on the Capitoline Hill, and the change which time had worked was far less than that which transformed the pale, sharp, classic outlines of the mask of the first consul into that of the man who had looked on in impassive tranquillity while Wagram, Austerlitz, and Jena were won.

As with all his great advantages, that Cæsar-like face of Prince Napoleon played him false at times. Beneath the canopy of the Porphyrogenitor it would have ranked high among his attributes for success, but who could believe in the Citizen and the Democrat when presented under such a guise? What would have been his rôle had he ever stood beneath that canopy is unknown, and it is unlikely that his published journal, or any papers he may have left behind, will solve the riddle. As regards facts, the empire looked on him as a Republican, and the republic as an imperial pretender. Paul de Cassagnac, when advocating the cause of Prince Victor in '76, brands him with the epithet of "Communard;" thirty years before he had been exiled by Louis Philippe as a demagogue; in '48 and in '77, under very different conditions, he offered himself as "mountain" candidate to the fierce electors of Corsica; some Radical manifesto or other was always flying from his hand, and in '75 the *Volonté Nationale*, his own organ, declares that if the son of Napoleon III. were to die, Prince Napoleon would never seek to restore the empire for his own benefit, and concluding by the assertion that, should either he or his nephew make that attempt, the matter would probably end in St. Martin's Canal. Yet when the young prince imperial fell in Zululand, Prince Napoleon pronounced himself the inheritor of his claims, which meant empire or meant nothing. When the Corsican electors seemed about to veer round to his opponent Baron Hausmann, he calls upon them to choose between the son of Jerome the king and nephew of Napoleon the emperor, and a stranger. When Greece went in search of a sovereign, he brought all the weight of his great diplomatic ability to bear on the powers, in the hope that they might consent to allow him to mount those golden though uncertain steps himself; and when, on the occasion of his going to Turin for the marriage of his daughter Letitia with the Duke of Aosta, Signor Crispi wrote him down in the deeds as "His Imperial Highness Prince Jerome Buonaparte," this representative of Cæsars

replied : " Your pardon, but I do not know who this Buonaparte may be. I am acquainted only with the Prince Jerome Napoleon."

His ideal is said to have been a democratic dictatorship — a meeting of extremes, which the few who in the course of history have been gifted with a sufficiency of sublime self-confidence to attempt, have found so hard a task to achieve in full that they have been impelled to abandon the lesser half.

But it is possible the prince never attempted to define this ideal, even if his it were. To have done so would have been to tax hard the powers of even a Jerome Napoleon, for in what way can a dictator address a democracy, save by saying : " Each one among you may follow the path he approve — provided it be that which I approve ?"

This discrepancy between his words and deeds of yesterday and of to-morrow, the manner in which he at one moment flung the purple mantle round his shoulders and at the next trampled it disdainfully under foot, would have wrecked a far greater than he. Were it not that one constantly finds him weighing and appreciating the motives and results of his own actions and those of others with the unerring precision of some scientific instrument brought to almost miraculous perfection, we should say he was influenced by some vague idea that if he refrained from giving out any formal programme, promulgated no definite principle, and pursued no consistent course, he would be able at the moment when power eventually came into his grasp, either to declare that under him each man should be a law to himself, or, in effect, to say, as did that prince of dissemblers, the Borgia cardinal, Roderigo Lenzoli, who, on being asked what name he proposed to take to himself as pope, drew up what had hitherto appeared to be a bent and palsied form, with the superb words : " Whose name but that of the victorious Alexander !"

And had the latter course been the choice of Jerome Napoleon, he could have urged a double precedent in his family. It is curious to note in what a different spirit each of the three Napoleons (the only three who, for practical purposes, have so far existed at all), while yet indulging in all the refined niceties of abstruse calculation, construed the term, a man of destiny. The new Napoleon, unweariedly as to the last he continued to work his intellectual powers, yet was in

effect swayed to and fro as though in reality placed powerless in the grasp of a resistless fate, while the Great Napoleon, as Carlyle, with some of his magic touches, shows us, gives himself up to one hour's grim, compressed, solitary thought before deciding to become general of the army of Italy, first consul, emperor, as the case might be, and then marches down the road which he believes destiny has shaped out for him. That he did believe in his star seems still an unchallenged fact, even now, in this day, when doubt is cast upon most things — that his brother's son only wished to do the same, although he had had Madame Mère to guide his youth, will likewise be uncontradicted ; but then the first of the dynasty was half a century nearer to the days of Wallenstein than was the uncrowned Cæsar who died the other day in Rome.

A short *résumé* of the principal events in the life of this remarkable man may not be considered out of place here. Though born some years after " the merry King Jerome," who had ruled Westphalia from 1806 to 1813, lost his throne, Prince Napoleon was the first Buonaparte through whose veins flowed the blood of genuine royalty, his mother being Catherine, a princess of the house of Wurtemberg. In the list of his names we find that that of Charles, the Corsican lawyer and father of the great emperor, was not forgotten. We also notice that curiously enough the name of Jerome, by which he is so generally but erroneously known, is not among them. Trieste was his birthplace, but he was early placed under the care of Letitia Buonaparte, the celebrated " Madame Mère," after whom he has named his only daughter, and he was by her indoctrinated in all the finer parts of the great Napoleonic legend. To illustrate the influences by which the prince was surrounded in his youth, we will mention a visit paid, in 1837, by Lady Emmeline Stuart-Wortley to Madame Buonaparte. This mother of so many kings had then attained the age of eighty-three, having already survived her great son fifteen years. She was confined to her couch, but on the walls around her hung the portraits of her children, which were described on the same occasion by Mr. Simmons in some fine lines, from which the following are selected : —

They were her children. Never yet  
Did one fond mother give such race, beneath  
her smiles to glow,  
As they who now, back on her brow, their  
pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there, the beautiful, look down  
in dazzling sheen,  
One lovelier than the Queen of Love, one  
crowned an earthly Queen;  
Her sons, the proud, the paladins, with dia-  
dem and plume,  
Each leaning on his sceptred arm, made Em-  
pire of that room.

But right before her couch's foot, one might-  
iest picture blazed,  
One august form to which her eyes incessantly  
were raised.

A monarch's too, and, monarch-like, the artist-  
hand had bound him  
With jewelled belt, imperial sword, and er-  
mined purple round him.

From the tender care of Letitia he passed to that of his father, spending much of his time with him until the death of the latter in 1860, and to the untoward influence of these years, much that was evil in his character must be traced. His military studies completed, he wished to bear arms in the service of his own country, but this being refused him he spent half a dozen years in travel, forming a taste for enquiry into the minds and manners of other nations which remained with him through life. Guizot allowed him to enter France in '45, though only on condition that he adopted the name of Comte de Montfort. His intrigues with the Democrats, thus early did his tendencies show themselves, brought about another period of exile, to which the vagaries of other members of his family had already subjected him in Italy. Two years later the young prince, with perhaps too obsequious a show of gratitude, accepted the permission of Louis Philippe to return to France, and there he remained until the revolution of '48 occurred, when, faithful to his former line, he called on every good citizen to rally with him round the republic. He was then elected member of the Constituent Assembly for Corsica, maintaining his connection with this, the cradle of his race, throughout his life. Consistently with his principles, and in remembrance of the favor accorded to him by Louis Philippe, he opposed, but unsuccessfully, the banishment of the Orleans princes. He was then sent by his government as minister plenipotentiary to the court of Madrid, but, not having mastered the rudiments of diplomatic lore, he thought fit to quit his post without leave, and was recalled. Then a curious complication of events occurred leading up to the *coup d'état*, when the favorite of France was found to be, not the brilliant, powerful young prince, with his uncle's face and

charm of manner, and with eloquence, versatility, and attractive personality, all his own, but the reserved silent cousin, whose six years in the fortress of Ham might, one would have thought, have consigned him to oblivion, while his clumsily conducted escapades of Strasburg and Boulogne were only too well remembered. "Le pouvoir est aux taciturnes" is the brief verdict some one gives of this matter, and it shall suffice without further comment here. Whatever the more gifted of the princes felt, he, after a short hesitation, yielded gracefully, and from that time an alliance, not to say a friendship, existed between the cousins, which Prince Napoleon maintains was unbroken to the last. It is probable that this assertion is correct, though the patience of the emperor must often have been severely tried; still he valued his cousin, he evidently found him a profoundly interesting subject for study, and he delighted in showering marks of his esteem upon him, giving him the Palais Royal as a residence, £40,000 a year as an income, the rank of a prince of France, a seat in the Council of State, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. As general of division a command was bestowed on him at the outbreak of the Crimean War, and here it was that the terrible charge of cowardice, which, unjustifiable as, according to the highest authorities it was, has been permitted to blight his whole life, was first brought against him. Lord Wolseley and others have told us how men of high military fame, whose true personal courage is undoubted, have yet, through some unhappy accident or momentary loss of nerve, laid themselves open to a similar accusation, but that against Prince Napoleon seems to rest on the most imaginary of foundations. At other times in his life he braved perils of varied nature in every clime; he certainly showed no trace of fear when fighting shoulder to shoulder with our own soldiers in the Battle of the Alma; and Kinglake, in his "History of the War in the Crimea," declares the cruel charge to be absolutely false.

On his return he roused his cousin's anger by his too-outspoken criticisms on the conduct of the war and its conclusion, which, according to him, ought to have included clauses for the liberation of Poland, or at least for the amelioration of the condition of that unhappy country. After this he undertook work of a nature in which he was specially fitted to excel, namely, the superintendence of imperial interests at the Universal Exhibition of

'55. Then followed his northern expedition, of which mention has already been made. A passing word of eulogy may here be bestowed on him with regard to his talent for administration and organization. Had his mission in life been to compile and to superintend the working of a "Code Napoléon," he need not have spent fifty out of the seventy years of his existence in exile. The next event is his marriage with the Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel. Of his private life hitherto little has been said, and there is little which can be said. He brought sorrow upon each member of his family in turn. No woman ever spoke well of him, and his friendship and close correspondence with the brilliant but fantastic Queen Sophia of the Netherlands, a cousin of his own through his mother's side, both having sprung from the princely house of Wurtemberg, was a tribute to his intellectual powers only. These are facts which unhappily cannot be gainsaid. But in the defence of Prince Napoleon it must be urged that his union with the saintly Princess of Savoy, at that critical period in life when, in fitting hands, he might yet have redeemed the errors of his youth, took away his only chance of being saved by a woman's power. Some there are who can close their eyes on a man's weakness, and through their blindness redeem him. Not so Clotilde of Savoy, who only saw in him the man to whom political necessity decreed she should link her fate, and the deadly foe of that faith for which alone she lived. Jerome Napoleon, who had passed his youth in the dazzling cultured *salons* of Florence, exchanging them later for those of the Tuileries, could perhaps hardly be expected to appreciate the frigid ascetic surroundings of his nun-like wife, while the princess so entirely committed the care of her conscience and her standard of right to the keeping of the Church, that when her husband lay on his deathbed she deemed it impossible that she should visit him until permission had been obtained from the Vatican.

He leaves three children: Letitia, his daughter, a handsome and talented woman, the widow of the Duke of Aosta, who, it is said, will bestow her hand, when her year of mourning is over, on her cousin, Prince Roland Bonaparte; Victor, the present representative of those hopes which grant men nothing but the right of exile from their native land; and Louis, especially the beloved of his father, who, however, died without the consolation of seeing him, as the prince was away with the regiment

of Cossacks in which he held a commission at Tiflis, whither he had gone in search of military distinction, as did his younger cousin when he joined our troops in southern Africa. It is to this, his younger son, that Prince Napoleon held out that chaplet of blue roses, the Bonaparte hopes; but the young man declines to take up a position of rivalry to his brother, and in any case declares that he intends to remain a citizen of France and loyal supporter of the republic.

From the date of his alliance by marriage with the house of Savoy, which preceded the War of Independence, commences Prince Napoleon's close connection with Italy, which increased continually in warmth as years went on. He became more than ever the intimate friend of his father-in-law, Victor Emmanuel, and that friendship was continued with King Humbert, while he acted as constant mediator during numerous difficult and delicate negotiations between Count Cavour and his cousin the emperor, thereby greatly increasing his reputation for diplomatic ability which stood already high, and proving himself the sincere and enlightened ally of that country which has since been able in part to repay him. Italy undoubtedly owes much to Jerome Napoleon, and not tardy in acknowledging her debt, has generously endorsed the dictum of the Duke of Sermoneta, syndic of Rome, who, when standing by the dead body of the great prince, said: "Here lies the Frenchman who has most loved Italy."

Of late years, while Signor Crispi has been in power, and the relations between the two countries have been so strained, the prince, rightly considering that he had no claim to make himself heard, has reserved the expression of his opinion, or expressed it only in private circles; but he did not hesitate, when the Marchese di Rudini undertook the direction of affairs the other day, to pronounce against the renewal of the Triple Alliance, and to point eloquently to the fact that a cessation of kindly feeling between Italy and her natural ally must infallibly damage the interests of both.

Regarding his suggestion of friendly overtures to be made to the Vatican, of which mention will be made later, it is asserted that Prince Jerome Napoleon made the astounding proposal that he should himself request an interview with the Holy Father for the purpose of opening negotiations on the part of the king, adding: "Only let me talk for half an hour in the Vatican with Leo XIII. I shall



need no more than that to bring him round."

King Humbert is reported to have merely smiled without reply, as it was probably intended he should, and the prince then, admitting that he could scarcely look upon himself as a *persona gratissima* on the further side of the Tiber, made a new proposal, possibly serious, possibly not, that his substitutes for the thirty minutes' conversation during which Church and State should be reconciled should be the two representatives of the French republic, the ambassadors to the Quirinal and to the Vatican.

This, if one may give a very free translation of the opinion given in the French language of one who heard the prince tell the tale, was either the policy of Machiavelli, or absolute nonsense. In any case, it was original.

Disputes with the Orleans princes; more speeches of a Corsican nature; momentary disgrace, followed by redoubled marks of confidence and distinction; voyages north and south in the Jerome Napoleon; patronage of the Suez Canal, and political tours through different parts of southern and eastern Europe, probably with the object of remedying the evil of the political isolation of France so much deplored by the prince, filled up the years from '60 to '70, and then came the crisis, when the Napoleonic dynasty was for the second time "driven forever from the throne of France." On the declaration of war the prince hastened home from Tromsø, where the startling news had found him, and made an application to his cousin for a post in the army. His diplomatic abilities were, however, considered superior to those he possessed as a soldier, and he was commissioned instead to secure the assistance of Victor Emmanuel. In this he failed, and while he was still at the Pitti Palace in Florence the capitulation of Sedan took place.

The true history of the next few weeks is as yet unknown. It is averred that Count Bismarck accepted Prince Napoleon as candidate for the French throne in the place of his imperial prisoner. Some go further, and say the proposal emanated in the first instance from the subtle brain of the Prussian chancellor, and add that he was prepared to place the captive army at the prince's disposition in order that he might make good his claim. In any case, it is known that Jerome Napoleon at this time became the centre point of a network of intrigue, and that he published a pam-

phlet, which has since become historical, in explanation or in defence of his own line of action.

The death of the gallant young Louis Napoleon gave his relative an unchallenged right to lead the Imperialists, a right which he had already claimed, and which had been the cause of further dissension between himself and the Empress Eugénie. As the advocate of Absolutism and Clericalism, as well as from private reasons, the consort of Napoleon III. had always stood in opposition to his cousin, but the final breach did not take place till after the decease of the emperor. It is curious to notice how death again and again cleared the path of Jerome Napoleon. His father, king of Westphalia; his own elder brother; the son of the first Napoleon, known as the Duke of Reichstadt; his cousin Napoleon III.; the brother of that prince; and finally, the prince imperial, all had to pass away before the way to that throne which he was never to reach lay open to him.

Some have spoken of Jerome Napoleon's own death as though it were that of a man already consigned to political oblivion, convinced of the hopelessness of his cause, and looking on his own career as finished. But it must be remembered that five years have not yet elapsed since he was considered so far a power in the State and a danger to the State as to be proscribed by the Expulsion Law, and three years previous to that event all France was roused to keen interest and wonder by a manifesto of his, which, first appearing in the columns of the *Figaro*, was instantly reflected on every wall in Paris. This manifesto was that in which he proclaimed himself champion of the Church of Rome and of the papal power, calling upon his own nation to have recourse to a *plébiscite*. Amusement, mingled in the minds of keener thinkers with wonder and question, was the only result, for the famous anti-clerical Corsican speeches and those of later date, had dealt with the matter too brilliantly and too searchingly for their author's views to be forgotten. Had not the prince, moreover, been the first man in Europe boldly to declare that the capital of the king of Italy was not Turin, nor Naples, nor Florence, but Rome itself, and that to Italy's king the papal monarch must yield? How, then, could the Church accept him as her champion, and unless to be accepted as such, in what direction could the motive of this strange manifesto lie? The quiet

dignity with which the prince bore the imprisonment in the Conciergerie, the result of his proclamation, was overlooked, and the matter almost instantly forgotten, or only remembered when it was desired to raise a laugh against one who declined to defend or to explain his action. That Jerome Napoleon should have without reason, or through a mere freak of fancy, assumed this new and unaccountable attitude, those few who knew him could not believe, but no solution of the enigma was discovered until some few weeks ago on the fall of Signor Crispi, when the prince, as has been said, urgently impressed upon his brother-in-law, King Humbert, the desirability of attempting a reconciliation between Church and State as the surest way of making Italian unity complete. That the chasm between the Vatican and the Quirinal should be bridged over by the hand of Jerome Napoleon, or that even a suggestion to that effect should be made by him, seemed at first too preposterous a statement to be credited, but other opponents of the papacy, as bitter and as uncompromising as he, have become convinced that by separating Church and State they have deprived the latter of its natural supporter and committed one of the gravest political errors of the century. Could the ecclesiastical domain have been swept away into nothingness by the edict which pronounced that the temporal power had ceased to be, the situation would assume a changed aspect; as it is, such ukases have only transformed a powerful consort into an implacable and terrible foe, leaving her still seated on the hearthstone of the mutual home. It has been said that a man's worst enemy is his wife if she be not his friend, and that quaint truth does not inaptly describe the result of the rupture between that august pair who, till the policy of this our day bid them stand apart, have in common ruled the civilized world since its creation.

These events are the last that can be recorded in connection with the career of Prince Napoleon, and now has taken place the concluding act of the tragedy—for the death of an emperor in exile must always be a tragedy. His long struggle for life, terrible but splendid in its intensity, is over, and he lies at peace who never was at peace, on the summit of La Superga, looking out into the solemn mountain chain which was crossed in triumph nearly a century ago, by the founder of his race, to whom Jerome Napoleon owed at once all the greatness and all the trouble of his life.

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#### INFLUENZA.

BY SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.

WHEN influenza once more appeared among us towards the close of 1889 it was at first looked upon by most people rather as a convenient means of escape from troublesome engagements or a decent pretext for a few days' rest—tempered perhaps by French novels—than as a serious disease. Amid the number of new maladies which medical science has in recent years added to the catalogue of human ills, influenza had been almost forgotten, and the present generation knew little about it, except by tradition. Now that its power for mischief has been unpleasantly brought home to most of us, there is some risk of the danger being unduly magnified. Influenza at its worst hardly reaches the dignity of a pestilence, and I confess it does not seem to me to be worthy of the spiritual steel of the Bishop of Lincoln. Like Mistress Quickly, I hope there is no need to trouble ourselves with any such thoughts yet. It would, however, be a grievous error to despise influenza too much, for, if the disorder is comparatively trifling in itself, it is serious, and even formidable, in its possible consequences. All past experience shows that epidemics of influenza have been accompanied by a great increase of the ordinary death-rate; the disease, though killing few with its own hand, seems to sharpen the dart of other ailments. In persons weakened by chronic disease or unsound in constitution—especially when the flaw is in the lungs or the heart—an attack of influenza often quickens the smouldering embers of their complaint into a flame in which the feeble remnants of life are speedily consumed. In those previously healthy it not infrequently sows the seeds of other diseases more deadly than itself, and even when no definite organic damage appears to remain, it sometimes leaves its mark in lasting impairment of vitality. In these various ways the effects of influenza on the public health may be more far-reaching than those of cholera and other scourges, which work greater immediate havoc, and on this ground it deserves the earnest attention of all governments which consider it to be the first duty of a civilized power to provide for the safety of its own citizens, rather than for the scientific extermination of its neighbors.

Influenza is not like some other diseases a product of advanced civilization; it is

referred to by Hippocrates and other ancient medical writers, and a formidable list of epidemics in various parts of the world between the years 1173 and 1875 is given by Hirsch.\* It is obvious, however, that no list of this kind can be exhaustive either as to the actual number of epidemics, or the area of prevalence of the several outbreaks. It is not till the sixteenth century that we meet with anything like detailed records on the subject, and it is tolerably safe to assume that till long after that time, only the more serious outbreaks were chronicled. Even at the present day, when the machinery for the collection of statistics is so much nearer perfection than it has ever been, it is difficult and indeed impossible to obtain trustworthy information as to the prevalence and diffusion of diseases over a very large part of the earth's surface. Even as to China, which lies under some suspicion of being the natural home of influenza, as India is of cholera, we have nothing but rumors of the vaguest kind.

With regard to our own country, we have a fairly complete history of epidemics of influenza which occurred in 1510, 1557, 1580, 1658, 1675, 1710, 1729, 1732-3, 1737-8, 1743, 1758, 1762, 1767, 1775, 1782, 1803, 1831, 1833, and 1837.† Further visitations took place in 1843 and 1847-8, besides limited outbreaks in 1841, 1842, 1844, 1846-7, and 1866. That there were other intermediate epidemics which found no medical pen to chronicle them is shown by such accidental references as the following which occurs in Miss Strickland's "Life of Mary Stuart." In a letter, dated November, 1562, Randolph, the English resident at the Scottish court, says: "Immediately upon the queen's arrival here (Holyrood) she fell acquainted with a new disease that is common in this town, called here the 'New Acquaintance,' which also passed through her whole household, sparing neither lord, lady, nor damoiselle — not so much as either French or English. It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomach, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with other shorter time as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The queen kept her bed six days; there was no appearance of danger, nor many that die of the disease except

some old folk." The "New Acquaintance" is a very old acquaintance now, and much has been written on it by learned doctors, but I do not know that the prominent features of the disease have ever been more accurately hit off than in these few lines of Elizabeth's clear-sighted envoy.

In the records of all these epidemics, through the mist of obsolete pathological theory, the characteristics of the disease as we know it from present experience can be distinctly recognized. Thus Willis in his "Description of a Catarrhal Feaver Epidemical in the Middle of the Spring in the Year 1658," mentions the "troublesome cough, with great spitting, also a Catarrh falling down on the palat, throat, and nostrils," and the "feaverish distemper, joyned with heat and thirst, want of appetite, a spontaneous weariness and a grievous pain in the back and limbs," and he also speaks of the "want of strength and languishing." Our English Hippocrates, Sydenham, in his "Epidemic Coughs of the Year 1675," says the disease, which he clearly discriminates from ordinary catarrh, "attacked with pains in the head, back, and limbs," afterwards "falling upon the lungs." Later we find Huxham of Plymouth — a medical worthy in whom I take a particular interest, as to him we owe one of the best descriptions of diphtheria — giving a really excellent account of the epidemic of 1729: "The disorder began at first with a slight shivering; this was presently followed by a transient *erratic* heat, an headache, and a violent and troublesome sneezing; then the back and lungs were seized with flying pains, which sometimes attacked the breast likewise, and though they did not long remain there, yet were very troublesome, being greatly irritated by the violent cough which accompanied the disorder. . . . These complaints were like those arising from what is called *catching cold*, but presently a slight fever came on, which afterwards grew more violent. . . . Several likewise were seized with a most racking pain in the head, often accompanied with a slight delirium. Many were troubled with a singing in the ears, and numbers suffered from violent ear aches, which in some turned to an abscess; ex-ulcerations and swellings of the fauces were likewise very common. . . . It generally went off about the fourth day, leaving behind a troublesome cough, which was very often of long duration; and such a dejection of strength as one would hardly have suspected from the shortness of the

\* Handbook of Geographical and Historical Pathology, vol. i., chap. i.

† The original records of these various outbreaks were collected and edited by the late Dr. Theophilus Thompson, and published by the Sydenham Society in 1852. A new edition of this valuable work was brought out not long ago by his son, Dr. Symes Thompson.

time. . . . On the whole this disorder was rarely mortal, unless by some very great error arising in the treatment of it; however, this very circumstance proved fatal to some, who making too slight of it, either on account of its being so common, or not thinking it very dangerous, often found asthmas, hectics, or even consumptions themselves the forfeitures of their inconsiderate rashness." The last words contain pretty well the substance of the matter. John Arbuthnot (Pope's "Friend to my Life"), speaking of the epidemic of 1732, mentions that "the fever left a debility and defection of appetite and spirits much more than in proportion to its strength or duration." Again, with regard to 1737, we learn from Huxham that the epidemic in that year was "not unlike in its attack to the epidemic catarrhal fever of the year 1733, but much more violent." He adds, "Numbers were now miserably tortured with the toothache who had never had a bad tooth in their head . . . in some, one half of the head was affected as if by an exquisite hemicrania." Further on, speaking of 1743, Huxham speaks of the disease as a "feveret," and he says, "This fever seemed to have been exactly the same with that which, in the spring, was rife all over Europe, termed the 'influenza.'"\* He adds that "in London it increased very greatly the number of burials, rising them in one week only to at least a thousand." In the epidemic of 1762 we are told by Sir George Baker that "those persons suffered most severely who could not obtain a respite from labor; more especially those who worked daily in the open air. Among this class the pestilence was so violent that it destroyed many of them within four days in spite of remedies."

It is needless to multiply quotations from eye-witnesses of the various epidemics; it is sufficient to state that there is a chain of medical evidence which conclusively proves the essential identity of the disease throughout. In all, mention is made of the rapidity of its spread, the universality of its prevalence, whole cities being struck down as at a blow, the suddenness of onset, the shivering, the agonizing headache, the pain in the muscles, the catarrhal symptoms accompanied or replaced by intestinal troubles, the speedy subsidence of the primary disease with the pronounced liability to inflammation of the lungs and air-passages, the exces-

sive prostration caused by an affection apparently so insignificant, and the not infrequent legacy of organic mischief or damaged constitution. Just as no two sufferers from influenza present exactly the same symptoms, so no epidemics are precisely alike in all their details; there are variations in type due no doubt to differences in the severity of the outbreak and to changes in the habits and constitution of the people. Thus in 1510, in addition to the ordinary symptoms of catarrh, particular mention is made of violent pain over the eye, pain in the abdomen, delirium, and, from the seventh to the eleventh day, syncope and "starting" of the tendons; in 1580, of bleeding at the nose, insomnia, giddiness, swelling of the glands beside the ear and bilious vomiting; in 1658, spitting of blood and great pain in the head; in 1675, bilious derangement; in 1729, rheumatic pains; in 1732-3, discharge of blood from the nose, lungs, and bowels; in 1737, sickness, salivation, toothache and rheumatic pains; in 1743, skin eruptions, inflamed eyes, and dysentery; in 1758, a feeling of rawness in the throat and windpipe; in 1782, loss of smell and taste, a sensation of contusion of the limbs and soreness of the cheek-bones; in 1831, loss of taste and soreness behind the breast-bone, and in 1837, a feeling of weight and pain in the forehead, sometimes also at the top and back of the head, soreness over the breast-bone, severe pain in the back, acrid discharge from the eyes and nostrils, and diarrhœa.

In all these epidemics, in spite of minor variations, the catarrhal phenomena seem to have overshadowed every other element in the disease to such an extent as to mask its real nature. Inflammation of the respiratory mucous membrane, with consequent flux from the nose, windpipe, and lungs, was thought to be the essential feature of the malady, and the error has become crystallized in the expression "influenza cold," often used not only by the public but by medical men to denote a cold of more than ordinary severity. I am inclined to think that this misconception is, at least in some measure, responsible for the very high rate of mortality which has been attributed to the present epidemic in Sheffield and other places in Yorkshire and also in London. After a winter of extraordinary duration and severity and a spring of exceptional malignity, it is not wonderful that the old and the weakly should go down with bronchitis and pneumonia like grass before the mower's scythe. Even without the influenza

\* John Huxham: *Observations on the Air and Epidemical Diseases*. London, 1753, vol. ii.

these two diseases would, under the circumstances, have claimed hecatombs of victims; and to a man already sore smitten by the east wind a very small dose of influenza "will serve," as Mercutio says. It is hardly fair, however, to set down all these deaths to the account of the influenza; that may be the immediate cause, but the "efficient cause" as the scholastics would say, is the previous sapping of the foundation which makes it easy for the most insignificant enemy to batter down the citadel of life.

There is another point which I can only touch on lightly here. Influenza is the very Proteus of diseases, a malady which assumes so many different forms that it seems to be not one, but all diseases' epitome, and its symptomatology includes almost everything, from running at the nose to inflammation of the brain. In times of epidemic such as the present, illness of every kind is likely to be laid at the door of influenza; every cold, every headache, every bilious attack is ascribed to the same ubiquitous — or, as we say, "pandemic" — morbid agency, as in the Middle Ages all the motley brood of skin diseases were impartially classified and treated as leprosy. Statistics both of the prevalence and of the mortality of influenza are therefore apt to be vitiated by more than the usual fallacies which beset all such censuses of disease, and a corresponding liberal allowance for error should be made when dealing with it.

The first step towards a right understanding of the nature of influenza is to get rid of the notion that catarrh is an inseparable adjunct of the disease. It is really an acute specific fever running a definite course like measles or scarlatina. It would be tedious and unprofitable to describe in detail the symptoms and complications of a disorder which is no doubt painfully familiar to many of my readers. It may, however, be stated that numerous and diverse as are its manifestations, they may all be grouped under three heads, viz., catarrhal, abdominal, and nervous. We have thus three well-marked types, each of which includes several varieties; all three may be intermingled or may succeed each other in the same case. It is this series of pathological combinations and permutations which gives the disease that superficial complexity of aspect which made Mrs. Carlyle playfully suggest that the doctors had agreed to call half-a-dozen different diseases by one name in order to simplify treatment. I have used the words "superficial complexity," because

under all its disguises I believe the disease to be at bottom perfectly simple.

The bewildering diversity of symptoms becomes intelligible if we regard them as the results of disordered nervous actions. The extraordinary disturbance in our telegraphic systems sometimes caused by a thunderstorm is as nothing compared with the freaks played by the living conductors in the human body if anything throws the governing centres out of gear. In my opinion then the answer to the riddle of influenza is poisoned nerves. The cause of the disease I take to be a specific poison of some kind which gains access to the body, and having an elective affinity for the nervous system wrecks its spite principally or entirely thereon. In some cases it seizes on that part of it which governs the machinery of respiration, in others on that which presides over the digestive functions; in others again it seems, as it were, to run up and down the nervous keyboard, jarring the delicate mechanism and stirring up disorder and pain in different parts of the body with what almost seems malicious caprice. It is this that explains the almost infinite variety of neuralgic pains — head ache, ear ache, face ache, lumbago, cramp in the stomach, etc. — which form so distressing a feature of the malady. It also explains the absolute loss of smell and taste which makes the taking of food the most wearisome of tasks; and it gives us the key to disorders of the sight and hearing, and the severe, though happily transient, affections of the eye and ear, which so frequently accompany influenza, and the lethargic stupor which occasionally follows it. It is the profound impression made on the nervous system by the poison, that explains nearly all the after effects of the malady and especially that prolonged and sometimes even permanent loss of vital energy which is perhaps its worst legacy. The same deterioration of nerve force is seen in the slow and unsatisfactory healing of wounds which nearly all surgeons have observed in patients who have suffered from influenza. Even spontaneous gangrene of the extremities has taken place in several cases as if the disease induced premature old age. As the nourishment of every tissue and organ in the body is under the direct control of the nervous system, it follows that anything which affects the latter has a prejudicial effect on the former; hence it is not surprising that influenza in many cases leaves its mark in damaged structure. Not only the lungs, but the kidneys, the heart, and other internal organs and the nervous



matter itself may suffer in this way. No wonder that so many persons never "feel the same" after an attack; that some develop consumption; that a few become paralyzed, and that there are even instances in which insanity has followed the malady.

What then is the nature of this insidious poison that has so baleful an effect on the nerves? On that point the doctors of the end of the nineteenth century are as much in the dark as their predecessors at the beginning of the sixteenth. We have not got beyond the "something subtle and occult" of Molineux. It is needless to say that microbes have been sought for, and several have been found, but not, so far, the one that is "wanted." Those that have been arrested on suspicion by Cornil and Babes of Paris, Jolles of Vienna, Klebs of Zurich, and others have all failed to satisfy the crucial test of inoculation; "colonies" of them have been carefully bred to a proper degree of virulence and have then been injected into rabbits and other martyrs of scientific research. The unfortunate animals have died with symptoms indicative of blood-poisoning; but not of influenza. That the cause of the disease, however, is a living germ of some kind can hardly be doubted; this is the only hypothesis which explains all the facts. The sky, the sea, the earth, and the waters under the earth have been searched in vain for something that would furnish a solution of the riddle. The weather has been tried and found wanting; one has only to glance through the list of epidemics to see that influenza has been rife in every possible variety of weather and at every season of the year. It has prevailed in different places at the same time under exactly opposite meteorological conditions. We may therefore say with Sydenham, "Concerning the nature and quality of that disposition of the air on which the disease depends as well as of many other things on which the doting and arrogant crowd of philosophers trifle, we are totally ignorant." Plagues of insects such as the *Bostrichus typographus* which abounded in 1665, 1757, 1763, and 1783; the *Arctia phaeorrhæa*, which committed great ravages in 1731 and 1732; the brown-tail moth which had a price put upon its head in 1782; and the aphids, vast flights of which darkened the air in the northern counties of England in 1836, have been thought to be in some way connected with the influenza which prevailed in these years; but though the possibility of insects conveying infection cannot be gain-

said, it has not been shown that there is any relation between them and the epidemic.

Ozone in the atmosphere, "seleniureted hydrogen," and other telluric emanations have been conjectured to have something to do with its causation, but it occurs with equal intensity in places differing as widely as possible in climate and soil. At present the living germ holds the field, but as to the exact nature of the organism we must wait for enlightenment at the hands of some of the patient workers who seek for the sources of disease in the realm of the infinitely little.

As to the mode of diffusion of influenza all the evidence seems to me to point to its being air-borne. "Horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air," it is conveyed from its secret birthplace and drops from beneath the clouds—not exactly like mercy—upon the place beneath. If this should happen to be a thickly populated district the germ no doubt multiplies itself as it passes from house to house and from town to town; whether it becomes more virulent in the process I am not aware that there is any evidence to show. Influenza thus spreads both by aerial transportation and by contagion; the latter alone is inadequate to explain the sudden outbreak of the disease in widely distant countries at the same time, and the curious way in which it has been known to attack the crews of ships at sea, where communication with infected places or persons was out of the question. Thus Admiral Kempenfeldt (the hero of Cowper's poem "The Royal George") sailed on May 2nd, 1782, with the intention of cruising between Brest and the Lizard. On the 27th, although there had been no communication with the shore, the crew of one of the ships were attacked with influenza, and soon the whole squadron were so severely affected that it had to return to port in the second week in June. Again to quote Sir Thomas Watson, on April 3rd, 1833, the Stag frigate was coming up the Channel, and arrived at two o'clock off Berry Head on the Devonshire coast, all on board being at that time well. In half an hour afterwards, the breeze being easterly and blowing off the land, forty men were down with the influenza, by six o'clock the number was increased to sixty, and by two o'clock the next day to one hundred and sixty.\* On the same day Sir Thomas Watson saw the first two cases in London, the whole town being smitten with it on that and the

\* Principles and Practice of Physic, 4th ed., London 1857, vol. ii., p. 44.

following day. On the same day also a regiment at Portsmouth was seized so that next morning so many men were ill that garrison duty could not be performed by it. Many similar occurrences have been recorded in other epidemics. It is impossible to explain such cases by contagion; the victims can only have succumbed to a cause acting on them all at the same instant of time, as they would all have got wet if exposed to a shower of rain. In the case of these sudden visitations of influenza we must suppose that there is something like a shower of germs.

On the other hand, the evidence as to contagion is not less conclusive. Cullen relates that on a little island, fifteen or twenty leagues off the west coast of Scotland, there lived in his day twenty or thirty poverty-stricken families who had no other communication with the mainland than through the rent collector, who visited them once a year. On the occasion of one of these visits the collector's men, who were ill with influenza, introduced it into the island, and on the following day the whole population was coughing. In many instances during the last epidemic there was tolerably clear proof that the disease had been introduced into towns or villages previously free by persons coming from infected places. The fact that it was, during the present epidemic, brought to the House of Commons by witnesses from Sheffield is, I believe, generally accepted by those in a position to judge; it appears certain that the members of the committee before whom the witnesses appeared were attacked first, and they subsequently spread it through the House. That the disease can be conveyed by dead bodies—as is known to be the case in other contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, etc.—seems to be shown by the following narrative, which I take from a paper by Dr. Guiteras in the Philadelphia *Medical Times* of April 10th, 1880: An American gentleman in bad health contracted influenza in London, and died of a relapse in Paris in December, 1879. His body was embalmed and sent to Philadelphia, where it was exposed to the view of his family. This was immediately followed by an outbreak of influenza, which first affected the members of the family, next friends in close intercourse with them, next the medical attendant of some of them, next the housekeeper and one or two of the doctor's patients, the whole number affected being eighteen.

Regarding the treatment of influenza there is not much to be said. As in all

fevers which run a definite course, the doctor's duty is practically confined to keeping up the patient's strength, and warding off complications. The best way to do this is to insist on his going to bed as soon as the enemy is upon him, and remaining there as long as it is necessary. If this were done as a matter of routine in every case of influenza, however trivial it may seem to be, there would be fewer deaths from relapses and complications. In very mild cases it may be sufficient to confine the patient to his room, but if allowed to be up he will be almost sure to take liberties with himself and catch cold by some trifling exposure. It is the mild attacks that often lead to the worst consequences, simply because they are neglected. The great prostration, which is usually one of the most marked features of the disease, should be combated by the judicious use of stimulants and by a diet as generous as the patient can be induced to take. Elimination of poisonous products should be promoted in the usual way, but anything like "lowering" treatment should be religiously avoided. It is a fatal mistake to treat influenza as an acute inflammatory disease; support, not depletion, is the secret of success. This truth was sometimes even borne in on the minds of the older physicians by witnessing the disastrous effects of bleeding in influenza; and I need not say that the evidence must indeed have been overwhelmingly strong to make these champions of the lancet believe that their favorite panacea was worse than useless. How convincing the evidence was we may learn from an example. In the epidemic of 1557, in a small town near Madrid, some two thousand persons contracted the disease; they were all bled, and—all died. Mr. Rider Haggard's bloodthirsty imagination could not conceive a more wholesale butchery! Most modern authors attribute the enormous mortality in the older epidemics not so much to the influenza itself as to the treatment: *Seignare, seignare, ensuite purgare*, was the general rule, with the result that the patient was deprived of his life as well as cured of his disease.

There is one point to which I think it well to call special attention. There are, of course, fashions in medicine as in other things, and at present what are called "antipyretics," that is to say, remedies which reduce the temperature, are much in vogue. The clinical thermometer is a most valuable instrument, but it should not be made a fetish. In certain fevers, as, for instance, in rheumatism, where the

mere excess of heat-production may kill the patient, reduction of the temperature is a matter of vital importance, and almost any means may justifiably be used to that end. In a "feveret" like influenza, however, a temperature of one hundred and three degrees or even one hundred and four degrees, has no serious significance; it will speedily subside of itself and requires no aid from medical art. It should never be forgotten that some drugs which reduce temperature also reduce the patient, and experienced physicians could tell of many deaths due solely to the unwise use of these agents by practitioners who take the thermometer as a guide to be followed with unreasoning obedience.

After recovery the really dangerous time may be said to have come. The busy man will not be restrained, but will rush back to his work, and in a week or two he is in the deadly grip of pneumonia. For some little time after the most trivial attack of influenza, the greatest care is necessary to prevent relapse, and it will be well if extra precautions are taken against catching cold for a considerable period afterwards. Of the consequences of influenza it may be said with the most literal truth that he that loveth the danger shall perish in it.

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From Temple Bar.

#### MONCKTON MILNES.

THE life of Lord Houghton is an entertaining work, as many of our readers have already discovered for themselves. It is the revelation of a decided personality, and one which on the whole is pleasant and kindly. It tells of a man of readiness and resource, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and withal "a very honest-hearted fellow."

In youth and early manhood Monckton Milnes's hilarious spirits and audacious fun, his self-confidence and his indulgence in paradox, startled and sometimes repelled. We all remember Sydney Smith's name for him (though the rector of Combe Florey denies that he was the author of it), and how at the American minister's, in Portland Place, on a hot July evening, while every lady was fanning herself or being fanned, Monckton Milnes walked in, and Sydney Smith said to Wordsworth's son William, "Here comes the cool of the evening."

The contrast between Monckton Milnes and his father is a strange one. That such

a father should have such a son belongs to the freaks of nature, and Monckton must have seemed a "sport" to his family. The father was a man of great ability, and had made so great a mark in the House of Commons that at twenty-four Perceval offered him the chancellorship of the exchequer. He refused the offer, and retired to his estates, which were crippled by his generous payment of a brother's heavy debts. At Thorne and Fryston he lived the life of a country gentleman, with open hospitality, and received, with a charm all his own, the numerous and diverse-charactered friends of his gifted son. But he figured no longer in the political world, nor, we imagine, did he show himself much in society; but he had heard Pitt and Fox, Sheridan and Windham, and he has left us his estimate of Pitt's eloquence, which we shall give here, in an old notebook of travel, which is well worth recording in these pages:—

The highest impression imparted to me by words spoken was by those which I heard from Mr. Pitt, whose form is even now distinctly before me. His powers were of a mighty order, for none heard him without an absorbing interest, which is proof conclusive. You felt you had been charmed in the listening; it was even to that which you had been thinking of within yourself. There was the secret in his elocution as it is in the antique—in debate caught on the moment he saw intuitively into the minds of his hearers, he identified himself with them and impersonated their prevailing thought, which they with rapture heard in his gorgeous language. In his periods of majestic correctness, and sometimes so elaborate as to take two minutes in the delivery, he never turned from or broke in upon the one impression which he felt was pervading the assembly; all was subordinated to its development—and yet tantalizing in expressing it—protracting as though to be surer of it—after an interval of breathless suspense, he then unfurled its full display, like that of Cæsar's mantle, at the instant of intensest expectation. They voted in delirium. He was the consummate master of his art, and the greatest leader the Commons ever had or ever will have.

If the volumes which tell Lord Houghton's life and his friendships contained the record of his father's life alone, they would be welcome. The picture of Mr. Pemberton Milnes is very striking, and the extraordinary dissimilarity between father and son heightens the interest of the picture.

Lord Leven was wont to speak of Pemberton Milnes as "the handsomest man he had ever seen; his small head and the

expression of his countenance being quite unequalled, and bearing such a stamp of genius and high breeding." He was a man of fastidious taste, of retiring, shy manners, and of a high standard of political conduct. To such a man the compromises of party must have been distasteful.

"Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient," and in this honorable characteristic his son to some extent shared, for he showed a certain independence throughout his political career.

Pemberton Milnes, though brought up in the Whig traditions, was driven to be a Tory by his observation of the conduct of the Whigs during the great war.

My own politics [he says] owed their first direction to having observed at the school I was sent to, and at Brooks's Club, where I was a member at nineteen, that all their wish and hope was against their own country. Years afterwards there would have been pæans at Brooks's if the duke had been taken prisoner.

The country now is beginning to outlive the worship of Fox, and as memoirs succeed one another without revealing one useful work he did, we see how a man may be a great orator and yet a great danger to his country. Fox was, as has been said of another and late orator, "a sophistical rhetorician," though Fox certainly had the merit of conveying to his audience what he really did mean.

And so it came to pass that Pemberton Milnes settled down into a country gentleman.

I have my apprehensions [he remarks in his journal of travel] for my own rank, that of a country gentleman—an order which no sovereign but ours has, and which kings and princes have no conception of—its supporters the horse and fox; its crest, my own, the wheat-sheaf; its motto "Hospitality."

At the fall of Napoleon in 1814, "Lord Lowther and Mr. Milnes were the first Englishmen who landed at Boulogne after the war," and Mr. Milnes bears testimony to the great works executed by Buonaparte, and says that had he been emperor for another half-dozen years he would have rendered Paris more magnificent than Rome in her best days.

Mr. Milnes went again to France in 1815, and afterwards visited the field of Waterloo. He saw Wellington, and heard many stories of him, and how, after Waterloo was over, Wellington "talked it over as he would a fox-chase."

Nothing tempted Mr. Milnes from Thorne, where he long resided, and where

he remained the critic of the situation, without participating in public affairs. His ambition henceforth rested in his son.

It is apparent that the differences between them were vital, but there is nothing to show that the critical attitude he took up in reference to his son was not inspired by the sincerest desire for his welfare. He found it difficult to satisfy his own high standard for himself, and he was equally dissatisfied when applying it to his son. Yet this had no depressing effect on Monckton Milnes, the buoyancy of whose nature was irrepressible.

Later in life, in 1856, Lord Palmerston offered Mr. Pemberton Milnes a peerage, which he declined. "It is my wish," he wrote on a sheet of paper which was discovered after his death, "(I know it to be otherwise with Richard) that my son, if he lives should be a Commoner. With no disrespect to the House of Lords, I consider there is no position higher than that of an English country gentleman."

And so, with the exception of one last glimpse of him in 1856, he passes away out of sight. In that year the offer of a peerage had been made to him and respectfully declined. It was his duty to pay his respects to the queen and to Lord Palmerston, and with this view he came up to the levée, and was presented by his own son. Lord Palmerston owed his first office to the refusal of Mr. Pemberton Milnes to take it, who therefore may be said to have opened the door of office for that great statesman. In London he was viewed with mingled curiosity and interest, when society recalled that he was a person of importance before the battle of Waterloo, and had witnessed the conflict of Pitt and Fox. He lived two years longer and then passed away in the peace which had been always dear to him.

The scene changes, and his son Richard Monckton Milnes comes on the stage. To the shy man who courted retirement succeeded one who lived in the very heart of the world, who knew everybody who had any history about him, and who delighted to assemble at his breakfasts every one who was talked about. During a long life Monckton Milnes may be said to have very much lived. "J'ai trop vécu," said Georges Sand, and a constant career of excitement, a continuous indulgence of society, a perpetual mental intoxication, require a constitution and body which he scarcely possessed. Such a life was hardly favorable to the full development of any of his talents, and one feels in read-

ing the memoirs something of the breathless rapidity of his life.

Without a moment's time for standing still, Where every step accelerates the pace, More and more rapid till we reach the base.

That he has left behind him so little to retain his name in history is owing, no doubt, to this desire to do and know everything. He passed from this clever man to that clever woman, from a book of poems to Thirlwall on the Athanasian Creed, from airing paradoxes with Carlyle to an interview with the Orleans family at Claremont, from the Athenæum Club to the streets of Cairo or New York. He was all movement in mind and body, his nerves always on the thrill, his intellect always to the fore.

He was one of the kindest of men and one of the most saucy; with a great deal of real judgment, he was full of paradox; though he brimmed over with audacious fun, he had a strong vein of feeling and frequent periods of melancholy. "I have many friends," said W. E. Forster of Monckton Milnes to Lord Dalhousie, "who would be kind to me in distress, but only one who would be equally kind to me in disgrace." Surely such a quality, "the quality of mercy" which "is not strained," should secure a kindly remembrance for this unique man.

The friendships of Lord Houghton were numerous. It is not likely that they attained the depth of the few friendships of Edward Fitzgerald, but he held place in the good-will of Carlyle, of Sterling and Tennyson, and Thirlwall and Arthur Hallam. He numbered these amongst his friends, whilst he also belonged to the celebrated club of "The Apostles," which included, besides those able men just enumerated, Venables and Trench, Frederick Maurice, Blakesley and Merivale.

The biographer speaks of Milnes's enthusiasm for Fanny Kemble's acting, and seems bound to excuse it, "the frivolous side of life," by telling us that it did not absorb his leisure moments, some of which he gave to Edward Irving. Whether it was the religious teaching of Irving which attracted him, or the eloquence and originality with which Irving enforced his teaching, must be left in doubt; but to speak of the frivolity of a stage, on which a Kemble recited from Shakespeare, is an unhappy slip of the able writer of these memoirs.

Of Disraeli there is a great deal in these volumes. Lord Houghton seems to have been as little prescient as many others of

the future of that singular man. There is something approaching to contempt in his remark in 1864: "Disraeli was in the grand style and not very pleasant." How amusing it is, by the light of recent events and political *mésalliances*, to read this note to his wife from Lord Houghton:—

I met Gladstone at breakfast. He seems quite awed by the diabolical cleverness of Dizzy, who, he says, is gradually driving all ideas of political honor out of the House, and accustoming it to the most revolting cynicism.

This is delicious!

The character of Disraeli is doubtless very difficult to fathom. He was a man of ambition, but it was no selfish ambition. Neither he nor his great rival will ever be accused of having cared for wealth. Disraeli had really high aims—aims at which those who speak through the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily News* sneer. His masterly stroke of policy in the purchase of Suez Canal shares laid a base of Egyptian policy, which without that base must have been as shifting as the sands which border on the canal. When Disraeli had carried out his Suez Canal arrangement, all sorts of prophecies were uttered against it. It would soon be silted up, said some. It will share the fate of Alexander the Great's canal across the isthmus, said another. It is worth while to correct a popular error in reference to it which still holds. It is said Lord Palmerston opposed the canal. What Lord Palmerston really did oppose was the French scheme of a slice of territory for themselves alongside the canal.

Lord Beaconsfield's settlement of a possible Russian War by the Berlin Treaty, rendered so doubly difficult by the unpatriotic aid given in this country to Russia, rescued us from a perilous situation. What is so attractive in him is the tenacity with which he clung to his friends. He, at least, has no record of men thrown over, no scapegoats sent into the wilderness.

In Disraeli's novels, full as they are of wit, there is something tinselly, something at least out of harmony with the more sober western mind. Brilliant they are, undoubtedly, but one gets tired of perpetual sparkle. Their place in literature is, we think, temporary and insecure; they may live by virtue of his high position in history, and for their portraits of public men, which, though always keen and intelligent, are not always truthful. No one would recognize more than one phase of the character as being true in some of them, and that would be the aspect which



most admitted of praise or censure, as Disraeli desired.

There are many good things about Disraeli in these volumes, happily preserved in Lord Houghton's letters to his wife. Here is one of them, written from Tedworth in 1864:—

Disraeli was in the grand style, and not very pleasant. We had low whist, which suited my intelligence. Mrs. Carleton asked Dizzy what he would like to do to amuse himself. "LET ME EXIST," he answered.

What splendid material exists for a future English Plutarch in the contrasted characters of Gladstone and Disraeli. Each was necessary to the other's fame. Each drew the best out of his opponent. The raillery of Disraeli drew the scathing sarcasm of Gladstone, and the terrible earnestness of the member for Midlothian was met by the imperturbable spirit of the Tory leader. Greek met Greek, but each fought with different arms. No man ever met misfortune (and misfortune so completely unmerited) better than Disraeli. He seemed to wrap his mantle around him, and quit a scene on which he felt there was no more place for him, with serenity and dignity.

These volumes are so full of good matter that it is a case of *embarras de richesse* to select from them. We have letters of Tennyson and Carlyle and Gladstone abounding in interest. There are two of Tennyson's in reference to a request of Lord Houghton's for a poem from the 'Keepsake,' which are full of point, and aid towards understanding the mind of our great poet. We shall not give them, for they should be read with all the circumstances which gave birth to them.

But the most notable friend of Monckton Milnes was Carlyle. The friendship was undoubtedly sincere and mutual. The odd and paradoxical talk of Milnes pleased Carlyle, and gave him matter to deal with. Milnes was not afraid of him, nor, for the matter of that, of any one. He rushed in where angels feared to tread, and dared the great man, bearding him in his den. His sunny disposition probably supplied Carlyle with many happy hours, and Monckton Milnes was to Carlyle much what Hervey was to Dr. Johnson. W. E. Forster, writing to Barclay Fox, gives an interesting picture of the two friends who met at his house at Rawdon.

Monckton Milnes came yesterday, and left this morning—a pleasant, companionable little man, well fed and fattening, with some  
LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXV. 3864

small remnant of poetry in his eyes and nowhere else; delighting in paradoxes, but good-humored ones, defending all manner of people and principles, in order to provoke Carlyle to abuse them, in which laudable enterprise he must have succeeded to his heart's content, and for a time we had a most amusing evening, reminding me of a naughty boy rubbing a cat's tail backwards, and getting in between furious growls and fiery sparks. He managed to avoid the threatened scratches.

It was no doubt to some strong assertion of Milnes, in favor of Keats, that Carlyle replied: "Keats is a miserable creature, hungering after sweets which he can't get; going about saying, 'I am so hungry, I should so like something pleasant.'" Many of Carlyle's sayings will not bear a close investigation, and it should be remembered that most of them were uttered in evening conversation, not deliberately, but in the humor of the moment, a paradox to fight a paradox. What he says of Shelley seems more nearly his true opinion of him when he speaks of "mistaking spasmodic violence for strength." "It is like the writing of a ghost, uttering infinite wail into the night."

How humorous is Carlyle's description of Cobden as "an inspired bagman who believes in a calico millennium. He is always praising America to me. I said to him: 'What have the Americans done but beget, with unexampled rapidity, twenty millions of the greatest bores on the face of the earth?'"

There is some interesting light thrown in these volumes on the great conflict to preserve the Union in America. Monckton Milnes took the side of the North in that struggle, and separated himself from his order, which on the whole favored the cause of the South. Here, as in other cases, especially in Church matters, he showed his independency of thought. In matters ecclesiastical he was a fair representative of lay opinion. He was a good Church of England man, in the sense of his not being willing to side with her enemies. He was opposed to the exertions of her power, when she showed disposition to persecute, and he manfully stood by the writers of "Essays and Reviews," when the Church suffered that singular panic which for a brief space lifted her out of her generous largeness and catholic comprehensiveness.

He was at once a Liberal-Conservative and a Conservative-Liberal, by nature opposed to extremes on either side. Thus

he was not a successful politician, which, as politicians go since 1876, is not to his discredit. Yet he desired to do the State service, and endured severe mortification when he found that his claims were not taken in earnest. Both Peel and Palmerston turned aside from him, enjoyed his wit and his society, but refused to trust him with office. We cannot question the wisdom of their decision, probably they thought that they could not restrain so buoyant and cork-like a man, and feared lest he should discover eccentricities in office.

Lord Houghton was no friend to the Ritualists. In writing to his friend Henry Bright, he observes:—

"It is curious to see how more and more anti-national—more and more Anglo-Fenian—the Ritualists are becoming."

And he watched the secessions to Rome, secessions the natural and logical conclusion of Ritualism, with anxiety and dislike. When Venables told him that the same house, a house in Bolton Row, witnessed the death of Frederick Maurice and the reception of Manning into the Catholic Church, Lord Houghton improvised an inscription for the door of that house:—

EX HAC DOMO  
FREDERICUS MAURICE  
AD SUPEROS,  
HENRICUS MANNING  
AD INFEROS  
TRANSIERUNT.

He had a natural instinct which led him to see that an age of carelessness about religion and about the responsibilities of life, an age which was shirking the burden of seeking a reason for the faith that was in it, an age of Agnosticism, strengthened the priestly power. He was far too keen a man not to feel the breath of sacerdotalism tainting and enfeebling modern life. He knew that civil and religious liberties were so interwoven that the loss of one was the loss of both, and he prized and practised the right of private judgment. No doubt he was imbued largely with the opinions of Carlyle, and we have equally no doubt that he thought with the Chelsea sage, that "Voltaire's 'Ecrasez l'Infâme' had more religious earnestness in it than all the religions of nowadays put together." Not that he went so far as the writer who said that Egypt had given to the world two evils, priests and crocodiles. He was much too many-sided and too genial for that. The friend of Thirlwall

and Wilberforce, of Frederick Maurice and Sydney Smith, saw every side of the relation of man to man, but he dreaded the sapping of the liberty gained at the Reformation, and set his face against it.

As a consequence of reading these most amusing volumes, we have once more taken up the volume of monographs written by Lord Houghton and dedicated by him to George Stovin Venables. They well repay perusal. Perhaps the best of these monographs are those on Sydney Smith, the Misses Berry, and Walter Savage Landor. Something of the rivalry of wits is apparent in Lord Houghton's treatment of Sydney Smith, whilst nothing can be more tender and appreciative than his tribute to Walpole's fair friends. In his sketch of the canon of St. Paul's he seems as if he had winced occasionally under a telling retort, or felt conscious of playing second fiddle in the game of repartee. Clever and ready as Lord Houghton was, we presume he was no match for Sydney Smith.

Whether Lord Houghton was a happy man we do not know. His mind was probably too volatile to permit of that restful view of life which is the product of a deeper nature. There would seem to have been a vein of melancholy in him, a feeling perhaps hardly defined to himself of the weariness of a life ever in public. It is to his credit that being always in and of the world, he retained so much that was kindly, and that he died sincerely regretted by so many friends.

G. B.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### A NIGHT IN A HAYSTACK; OR, A TRIAL FOR THE DERBY.

BY JACK THE SHEPHERD.

THOSE who reckon time and years by the names of Derby winners, as "So-and-so happened in Galopin's year," or "I came of age in Ormonde's year," will puzzle their heads in vain to fix the date of the memorable trial of which the following story gives an account, as for obvious reasons the names of the horses and spectators are altered. Suffice it that it was longer ago than the writer cares to believe. Those of us who, in this turmoil of life, in this far too busy age, still find leisure for retrospection—so sweet yet so sad an indulgence!—may often murmur, half believing, half convinced, "accedente senectâ:"—

Is it so long ago,  
 This life of color and light?  
 Will it not show some afterglow  
 Ere the day dips into the night?  
 Oh! years, have you dimmed my sight?  
 Oh! youth, have you left me quite?  
 Lo! the light is shade, and the colors fade,  
 And the day dips into the night.

Yet this Derby trial might have happened yesterday, so distinctly can I recall each actor in it, the look of the horses, the very tone of voice of the men, — so vividly can I scent the sweet, fresh smell of the crisp turf of the downs; and oh, even now, "naso adunco," I remember well the fustiness of that haystack (it *must* have been "got" after oceans of rain) where I lay ensconced in an ecstasy of mingled fear and expectation along with "Prettyman Bob," the famous tout.

And thus it came about.

Not many years ago it was fondly thought that nowhere in the world could you find links for golf worth playing on except hard by St. Andrews, royal and ancient; and now what do we see? Why, not only England but the whole world is studded with "courses" which even Hely-Hutchinson himself would not despise. But it was a hard thing then, and it is a hard thing now, to find a level cricket-ground on the Berkshire downs.

But youth overcomes obstacles; and with the ardor of a bad cricketer renowned only at Eton as an awful "swiper" in "aquatics" — that dear old club now, I fear, defunct, but once so merry, where cricket was a jovial game, not a dry, weary science — I had in the holidays started a cricket club composed of jockeys, farmers, and ploughboys, with a stray curate or two, and had even built a "pavilion" on the Ridgeway. And a right good club we had, though Lord's would scoff at us, and "The Oval" might smile at our style; but didn't we just smash the Brazen-nose first eleven, and send them back in their four-in-hand to Oxford sadder if wiser men! and how those fat farmers used to block, how the ploughboys used to swipe at every ball, and how my dear little jockeys used to run!

But to the pavilion, for thereby hangs my tale. It was a modest weatherboard erection, but weren't we just proud of it! It overlooked a fair pitch, but a shocking bad ground, for if you caught a ball well off and sent it to the north, it would run down the hill forever; if you "cut" well to the south, innumerable old cart-wheel tracks on the green road from Wantage

stopped your ball untimely, and proved a delusion and a snare. But, such as it was, what fun we had on it! How I wish I was on it now! how gladly would I welcome the grave reproof of my father seated on the steady old cob (I often wondered which of the two took the most interest in the game, for old Compton seemed to watch the ball with eyes and ears), "No wonder you were out, John, hitting at a well-pitched ball like that; you should play more steadily, my boy."

"Ah, it is very well to talk of steadiness; perhaps some day I may be steady too," was the unfilial thought, "when I get stout, and ride on a fat cob."

Well, this pavilion was my pride, my first building. I loved the classics, except when I was flogged for translating at eleven o'clock school, "antennæ gemunt," "they groan in spirit;" and wet or dry, I walked to look at my building, and spouted, "Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis," a tribute to myself, I thought, though, as the building was square, not round, it seems to me now that the quotation was worthy of Mrs. Malaprop. But on an awfully wet day in the early part of May I sought my much-loved pavilion, and there, having opened and locked the door, I lay down to think of my many virtues, oblivious to wet clothes, ignoring future rheumatism. And as I lay in a half-dream, the happy dream of youth, building castles in the air, I heard voices.

"It's a blarned wet un, it be, Bob. I'm blessed if I like the day or my job, and if I'm split on or nailed, it be just the jolly sack and a d—d good hiding to boot."

"Never mind, my lad; here's five quid if you tell me when the trial comes off," said a voice which I recognized as Prettyman Bob's.

"The arl he be coming to Didcot by special from Lunnon on Thursday night, and the trial wull be on the old gallop, I thinks, finishing near Lanfear's ruck by moonlight 'bout three o'clock in the morning. And now shell out and let me be off, — I's just fearsome I be seen talking with you."

A passing of quids, — he rang them on a flint, for there's not much honor in thieves, and Ben Bolt knew his man, and feared flash coin, — then a silence; only a match struck, and an occasional spit and puff.

"If the jock is flown," I said to myself, "I think I can lick Prettyman alone; he's not much bigger than Hankey Minor, and

I thrashed him last half in 'Sixpenny.\* Anyway, I'll chance it, and I'll see the trial for the Derby." Silently I undid the lock, quietly I crept up to Prettyman Bob, shouted at the top of my voice, partly to frighten Bob, partly to encourage myself. His pipe dropped from his mouth as he leapt up with a start and a bound like a frightened deer.

"Ho, there! Now, Bob, I've heard all, but I won't split if you let me see the trial with you."

"T' young squire, by all that's holy! You gave me a downright qualm. Oh, you never would go for to blab on a friend. I knows you better, and I'll tell you what, — I won't bowl none of those darned twist-ers. I'll just let the balls come in softly to you, and you'll be reckoned the best bat on the downs."

"I don't care a hang for your twist-ers, Bob; it was a beastly sneak you got me out with last match. But come, you shan't bowl me out now; I mean to see this trial and go with you."

"Well, if ever I seed such a pertina-cious young gent! and what would your governor say? But if you must, well you must, but you won't blab."

"Bob," said I proudly, "you talk to an Eton fellow. If we pride ourselves on one thing, it's being gentlemen."

"Well," said Bob, "just square me with a quid, and I'll let you know my little game. You knows that haystack of Farmer Lanfear's what is in the corner of the field as juts out on the downs a-close to the gallop? there beant' no hay in the top of 'im, but just four hurdles a-supporting of the straw. Shepherd, he be a pal of mine, and many a good gallop I've seed from that there ruck, and there I'll be, please the pigs, on Thursday night. You meet me at the bottom of Cow Lane at two o'clock in the morning, and I'll show you the trial. But how ever will thee get out of the house?"

"You mind your business, Bob, and I'll mind mine. You act square, and I'll give you a sov. into the bargain."

We parted, and till Thursday night I lived in that strange ecstasy natural to youth who have adventures in prospect.

\* "Sixpenny" is part of the Eton playing-fields, in the good old days sacred to cricket and "milling" — i.e., fighting. "What's the mill in Sixpenny?" was a common question in days gone by. Even before my long Eton career of nine years ceased, "milling" was going out of fashion, and for good or for evil is almost as

"Forgotten as the luscious peach

That blessed the schoolboy last September;

Forgotten like a maiden speech

Which all men praise, but none remember."

Came the eventful night — a lovely moonlight one it was; sleep there was none for me. The clock struck ten, eleven, twelve; how long the hours were! Then in stocking feet I crept down, trembling as I passed my father's door, down into the dining-room, no shutters shut (we were honest folk in Berkshire in those days, bar those rascally touts). I opened the window, shut it carefully, and was out on the lawn. I can feel the "caller" night-air even now, and the chill to my feet of the wet grass, for I put no boots on till I was clear of the lawn. Then with many an uneasy look at the up-stairs windows, I bolted across the meadows, avoided the village, and emerged at the down end of Cow Lane all too soon, for my eagerness had brought me out at least half an hour before the time. Oh, the weary waiting! But everything comes in due time to him who waits — and at length came to me, not my love, but Prettyman Bob.

"G'd night, squire," said he in a husky whisper; "we'll make tracks." "The devil's whelp he be, sure enough," he added to himself in a deeper whisper; but I heard well in those days, and the air was keen. So in silence we struck across the downs a bit, then a long, crooked way over the ploughs and the young corn, cold and wet it struck to the feet, up the ladder, a pushing away of the straw, the ladder drawn up, a creeping in between the hurdles, our opening covered up, and we are in darkness on the top of the haystack.

And then reflections. "If Bob's lair is known! — he says he's been here before. If I'm caught, no more Eton for me. If there's one thing my father hates, it's racing and trainers and jockeys and touts; and it's beastly cold. Oh! I wish I was back in bed again."

But at last Bob, who was peeping through the thatch, whispers, "They're a-coming," he says; "look through here."

I looked — it was light as day — a carriage-and-pair with little Jack-at-the-Swan riding postilion, bowling along the downs, and two gentlemen inside in heavy overcoats.

Out they jump close to us. The earl, a handsome young fellow, smoking a cigar, and with him a stout man, his mentor — save the mark! — who taught him the ways of the turf, and finally ruined him. Ah! they are dead and gone, tutor and pupil — the one with his fortune and ill-gotten gains, the other with his wasted and dishonored life.

Later in life I saw this noble earl in the grand stand at Warwick, with a crowd of

bookmakers shouting the odds at him, vying to catch his eye to book for a thousand or ten thousand, shouting themselves hoarse in their eagerness. Later still I saw him again at Newmarket, haggard, broken, a ruined man, when these same bookmakers shut up their books as he approached, and would not give him the odds to a miserable sovereign!

But he was young now. Of him might we well say with Mitchell, after Aristophanes:—

In glory was he seen, when his days as yet were green,

But now when his dotage is on him,  
God help him! for no eye of those who pass him by

Throws a look of compassion upon him.

On a cob up cantered the trainer. In their clothing passed three horses. I knew them—Yelverton, Wild Harry, and Zambesi, with three unknown jockeys on them. I knew them, too, well enough afterwards, but they, too, have had their day, their fame, and their fortunes, and have passed away.

"Good-morning, my lord; morning, Mr. Hardwick," says the trainer. "Early hours for you, my lord; wrap your coat well round you, my lord,—the down air is keen, specially at night. Sorry to bring you out at such an hour, but this ain't, as I may say, an every-day affair, and we've done these touts to-night, or my name isn't Joseph."

Prettyman Bob chuckled so loud I could have pinched him. I withdrew from my peep-hole, and shook with fright. So close were they to us, however, that I heard Mr. Hardwick say, "Don't make too sure, Dowton; I'll just circumnavigate this haystack. All right here," I heard, after an anxious minute.

"Ah, Mr. Hardwick's too cute, my lord," said the trainer; "he'd find a needle in a haystack, *he* would."

"Well," said the earl—he seemed strangely anxious, I thought—"let's have the trial off, and get away,—it's awfully cold here; where do they finish?"

"They strip at the old rubbing-house, my lord, start at the gorse bushes—my brother's there—come right away and finish off here, just a mile and a half. Opposite the haystack is the winning-post."

"And how about the weights?" said Hardwick.

"The old horse gives the young uns seven pound; the young uns run even at Derby weights."

Now the old horse was Zambesi, a famous cup horse and a good stayer, but

hardly, it seems to me now, quite quick enough to test a couple of clippers over the Derby course. Of the young ones, both were in Dowton's stables, and both the earl's property. Yelverton was favorite for the Derby at 9 to 4, and had been favorite all the winter; while Wild Harry, a magnificent chestnut, with a temper however, was at 25 to 1.

We had not long to wait. The earl had just lit another cigar, throwing his fusee, with characteristic carelessness, so close to the rick that I thought it might be a case of *roasted touts*, when Dowton said, "They're coming, my lord,"—and past us like a flash of lightning, with the hot breath streaming from the wide-opened scarlet nostrils, shoot the racers, and Wild Harry is the winner by half a length, the favorite second, and the old horse, out-paced, a shocking bad third.

A short prayer just reached me. "The Devil!" exclaimed the trainer; but Hardwick was undisturbed.

"We'll go down at once to your place, Dowton, have something to warm us a bit, and be in town in time to milk the flats long before the trial gets about—for out it all will come in time; and just keep those three jocks in view all to-day, Dowton; liquor them up well, do what you will with 'em, but don't let them out of your sight this day."

They walked off—Jack-at-the-Swan had been sent off to the village before the trial with the landau and horses—and they had hardly got out of hearing when Bob spoke. "You've brought me good luck. This is the best stroke I ever did. I'm off to wire to London." Down the rick he slipped, off he ran (I can see his little bandy legs now making tracks down Blewbury Bottom) "like bricks," as we used to say in old Etonian slang.

I waited a while, then, somewhat stiff with cramp and cold, made tracks too, and, after a while, lay warm and snug in my bed, very tired, and, now it was all over, doubting if the game was worth the candle—at any rate, worth the promised sovereign to Bob, which would drain my slender purse for twelve months at least.

And somehow that trial did no one any good. When the earl and Hardwick reached "the Corner," they found, to their utter amazement, the odds had changed—Wild Harry 3 to 1, Yelverton 15 to 1. In spite of which, and against the advice of his mentor, the earl plunged to the extent of £20,000 on Wild Harry—£40,000 said those "qui de magnis majora loquuntur."



How the favorite was beat in the actual race by a rank outsider, in which it was more than hinted Mr. Hardwick had an interest; how the earl had to apply to his mentor for cash to meet the settlement; how the spider threw his first web over the poor fly till he was tied hand and foot in his coils; how the earl accused the trainer, and removed his horses; how the trainer lived to give an epitaph on Mr. Hardwick's grave: "Many a rogue I've seen on the turf, but the greatest rogue lies here, and that's something to be thankful for" — all these things are written in the annals of our "glorious national sport," where the old game of Mr. Rook and Mr. Pigeon goes on merrily as ever.

Poor Prettyman Bob, who was by no means the worst of the lot, put my sovereign, and every penny he got from his gratified employers for his early news, and every penny he could borrow, on Wild Harry, and dropped it, not like a man, poor fellow! for he was found the day after the Derby with a shot through his brain, lying stiff and stark near Scutcha-moor Knob. I myself went back late to Eton that half, being "an infectious person" through measles, but I got back just before the Derby, when half Upper School was just run wild on it. From living near the favorite, and my quietly dropping hints that if I liked "I could a tale unfold," I became a hero. The captain of my tutor's house, Jones *maximus*, asked me to breakfast, and from my information sent up £2 10s. to Valentine and Wright, the book-makers, to put on Wild Harry. Not only that, but he gave me a large pot of marmalade, of which that greedy little beast, Prescote, who messed with me, ate at least three-quarters.

Fellows ran after me before and after school to ask the latest news from the stable, and half Upper School and about a quarter of Lower School "put the pot" on Wild Harry.

But Derby day was a sad one to me.

"After six" I met Jones *max.* near Barnes Pool Bridge, with a lot of "the swells." They had been up to Gaffer Gempster's at the Brocas, to see the carrier-pigeon come up. They "went" for me; they bonneted a new bell-topper to bits on my head, they kicked me, they licked me till old "Spankey" himself intertered.

For the rest of that half I had either a

\* "The swells" were the *ol' ápiaroi* of Eton neither by birth, by learning, nor by cricket, but by being good oars. In those days a *wet bob* was a hero; a cricketer was only a *stinking dry bob*.

broken nose or a black eye, for I "milled" every fellow whose face I could reach up to who called me "The Tout," and it was not until I had licked "cad Templeton," the "cock" of lower boys, who boarded at a rival house, which had licked us at House Fours, that Jones *max.* came up to me, as I stood bleeding though triumphant, shook hands with me, and said that I was an honor to my tutor's house, and swore he'd thrash any fellow who called me "The Tout" within an inch of his life, that I recovered my popularity.

But my tutor had me into his study, and said he, "I hate an Eton fellow to be a milksop, but as for *you*, I hear you fight every day in the week except Sundays. See there is no more of it, or I shall have to ask your father to remove you."

I didn't mind that much, though, for I was now quite popular again, but never again did I venture to turn tipster; and if ever a fellow after that asked me what horse would win a race, I just licked him if I could. If I couldn't, I treated him with silent contempt.

And my nickname "The Tout" soon dropped, and Eton was again the most delightful place in the best of all worlds. But the world has changed since then.

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#### THE KING'S LUCK.

DIVINE right is on its last legs. The will of the people, that modern abstraction, has dealt it a hard blow. Before the new-fangled sovereignty of Demos, or his nominee, all other "kings by the grace of God" are nowadays having a bad time of it. The success of the republic, in America and elsewhere, has served considerably to weaken the time-honored idea that royalty, as such, is a divine institution. If whatever is, is right — if a living dog is better than a dead lion — then clearly a president *de facto*, with a court at the Elysée, however shabby, is at least as good as a king *de jure*, with nothing but a lodging in *partibus infidelium*. And when, as in modern France, nobody exactly knows who is the real Simon Pure — the true king of the white flag of the Bourbons; while emperors and Boulangers and other pretenders darken counsel in the background for the searcher after truth — why, the plain man is disposed to conclude in his rough-and-ready fashion that Providence after all is not quite so royalist as our ancestors thought it. Its

vote seems to be cast impartially for a George Washington almost as often as for a George the Third; and it favors a Napoleon as against a Louis Dixhuit, so far as the casual observer can make out, in strict accordance with the relative size of their respective battalions.

In its own time, however, divine right played a far larger rôle in the world than even its seventeenth-century advocates ever dreamed of. We know now that the doctrine of the Stuarts and their legal or clerical advisers was but a miserable relic of that divinity which doth hedge a king among earlier and much less sophisticated races. Not only were kings once kings by divine right, but they were once indeed themselves divine, and in yet simpler stages they were actually incarnate gods. The power to touch for king's evil which still descended to the last of the Stuarts was but a final remnant of the miraculous powers over nature generally, possessed by the god-like kings of more native races or of earlier times. There are nations still among whom the king is a god; there were days when kings were equally gods among all humanity.

The beginnings of this claim to divine right go back ages beyond the "Zeus-nurtured kings" of Homer, and spring almost undoubtedly from the well-nigh universal custom of ancestor-worship. Modern anthropology has made it quite clear to us that all over the world, whatever great gods may be worshipped as well, the smaller gods of every tribe and every family are its own dead ancestors. The very same feeling of affection and regard which prompts Christian men and women in our own time to lay flowers and wreaths on the graves of their loved ones, and to mark their resting-place with sculptured stones or costly crosses, prompted primitive man to offer at the tomb his simple gifts of food and drink, and to perpetuate the memory of his lost friends by erecting over their bodies a rough-hewn boulder, or a rude stone monument. The ghosts of the dead were ever present by his side; to them he prayed for aid when he went forth to war; at their shrines he made presents of the spoil when he returned from battle with the corn and wine of his enemies. Every nation has such household gods; and in an immense majority of instances they can be shown almost beyond a doubt to be nothing more nor less than the spirits of their ancestors.

But while each family thus sacrifices to its particular predecessors—the house-father offering up gifts on behalf of the

household to his own father and remoter progenitors—the tribe as a whole sacrifices to the ghosts of its deceased kings; and the living king, their descendant and representative, becomes accordingly the natural priest of this common tribal worship. Among many low races, almost the only gods recognized are such dead chiefs; and the existing chief, as their son and heir, presents to them the prayers and gifts of the people. Hence it naturally follows that these living chiefs themselves are descendants of the gods, and as such essentially partake of the divine nature. That they lie, and steal, and fight, and get drunk, and otherwise misconduct themselves does not militate, of course, against their divine claims; for even the gods and goddesses of Hellas, we may recollect, were by no means blameless on points of moral order. The ideal of god-head in such cases, I need hardly say, is a very low one; but the ghosts or gods, such as they are, are at least conceived as capable of bestowing all temporal blessings or the contrary on their worshippers. Not only do they grant strength on the war-path and luck in the chase, but they also grant rain or sunshine, thunder or lightning, plenty or scarcity; they are answerable alike for the fruits of the earth, and for drought or famine, for favorable weather, or for earthquake, flood, pestilence, and tempest. And what the gods can do, that their descendant, the king, can do likewise. The king is thus a living god; the god is thus a dead or ghostly king.

Up to a much higher level of culture than one would at first imagine, this identification of kings and gods has been common in history. In civilized Egypt, for example, the earliest kings were a dynasty of gods, and the later kings were their sons and successors. There is even some reason for believing with Mr. Loftie that Osiris and Horus, themselves great mythical shades, were originally nothing more or less than local princes of Abydos, in Upper Egypt, and that the earliest historical dynasties of the Nile valley were their lineal descendants. At any rate, the king at Thebes or Memphis was treated as in fact "a present god;" he is spoken of as the lord of heaven, lord of earth, the sun, the living Horus, the maker of mortals; his image on the monuments is sculptured of divine size and stature; and he is represented as receiving the symbols both of kingship and divinity from the gods his ancestors who ruled in their own day over the self-same holy realm of Egypt. Temples were built to him, and priests endowed

to carry on his worship; and so persistent were these endowments, that after thousands of years we find mention of sacrifices offered to the spirits of Cheops and Cephrenes, the antique kings of the early empire who built the two great pyramids.

Just in the same way, in native Peru, the Incas were the descendants of the gods, and were therefore naturally gods themselves; they were the children of the sun, and "could do no wrong" — a peculiarity shared with them by the sovereigns of Great Britain to the present moment. The Mexican kings were no less divine, and were worshipped during their lifetime with prayer and sacrifice. When Alexander of Macedon claimed to be the son of Jupiter Ammon, he meant what he said; when the Roman senate proclaimed the godhead of the Divus Cæsar, every Roman understood it as a genuine apotheosis. "Namque erit ille mihi semper deus," says Virgil of the young Augustus. In our own day, the mikado of Japan is a surviving example of such an incarnate god. He is an embodiment of the sun-goddess, the deity who rules over gods and men alike; and he is considered so great that for one month in the year all the other gods of heaven flock to his palace and pay him courtesy.

It is only by throwing ourselves in imagination into such a frame of mind as this that we can understand the common title of "the God Euergetes," or "the Goddess Cleopatra," habitually bestowed upon the Greek kings and queens of Egypt. It is only in the same way, too, that we can dimly figure to ourselves the ideas of those distant provincials who saw in such creatures as Vitellius or Domitian a divine incarnation, a Divus Cæsar. For even in our own day, a temple still stands at Benares to Warren Hastings; and a sect of natives in the Punjaub worship a deity whom they call Nikkal Sen, but whom the Army List in his own day knew only as the redoubted General Nicholson. Nay, if we want the exact parallel to the altars erected to Tiberius and Nero in Syria or Britain, we shall find it in a new cult which has arisen in Orissa, and whose devotees worship our sovereign lady Victoria, queen and empress, as their principal deity.

For some time past, since Tylor and Spencer made clear to us the working of the savage or barbarous mind in such strange developments of faith and practice, this essential identity of god and king among early races has been generally recognized. But Mr. Frazer, of Cambridge,

has quite recently pointed out in his interesting work on the Arician priesthood some quaint and curious, though personally disagreeable, side results of the godhead thus officiously thrust by his subjects upon the unhappy monarch. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown in more than one of these primitive communities. For if the king is a god, then obviously he is a dispenser of good or bad times; he is answerable for the state of the weather and the crops; he is responsible for all and sundry misfortunes that afflict the tribe collectively, as well as for plague, pestilence, famine, and all other ills that individual flesh is heir to. Now it's very convenient to have your god, so to speak, on tap, and to be able to remonstrate with him from time to time as occasion arises. Hence, if things don't turn out well, many savages wait upon their king or chief "to know the reason why;" and if the king fails to satisfy them of the excellence of his intentions, or the wisdom of his rule over the elements of nature, they proceed forthwith to kill him. As the Arcadians used to beat the images of their gods when they had ill-luck in hunting, so these guileless children of nature turn and rend their incarnate divinity whenever he shows himself unwilling or unable to produce the sort of weather they consider themselves entitled to. And even so the British farmer, it is rumored, to this very day, turns out an administration because the rainfall has failed, or the foot-and-mouth disease has played havoc among his unfortunate Southdowns.

Under such circumstances, it may readily be imagined, the post of king is by no means all beer and skittles. No wonder "sleep leaves the kingly couch," as the divine bard puts it, when the kingly couch so widely differs from a bed of roses. In west Africa, says Mr. Frazer, whenever drought occurs, and prayers and offerings presented to the chief have failed to produce the desired rain, the unsophisticated negro has resort to compulsion. He binds his chief with ropes, hales him away to the graves of his forefathers, and peremptorily orders him to obtain from them without delay refreshing showers. The Banjars, again, regard their king as a great weather-god. So long as things run on smoothly they load him with presents of grain and cattle; but when drought or rainfall spoils the crops, they beat him and insult him till the weather changes. In the self-same spirit, the ancient Scythians — good, practical souls — when food was scarce, imprisoned their

king till things came right again. The use of a god is clearly to benefit his worshippers. No benefits, no worship. So, too, the people of Loango, when the surf on the coast spoils the fishing, accuse their king-god of "a bad heart," and depose him for his inefficient management of the forces of nature. The Burgundians got rid of their king if the crops failed; the ancient Swedes went further, like our Puritan ancestors, and actually killed their legitimate monarch if storm or pestilence attested his incapacity.

Sometimes, we may well believe, the king finds the place too hard for him. On Savage Island, in the South Pacific, a line of chieftains once reigned supreme over a dusky people. But as these chiefs were of divine nature, and were supposed to make the crops grow, their subjects got angry with them when the food-supplies fell short, and killed them off rapidly in a spell of bad seasons, one after another. At last so many chiefs were killed in succession that nobody cared to accept the office. The title went begging, and the monarchy ceased for want of offers. Much the same sort of thing may happen some day in Russia, if the Nihilists have their way. After a few more czars have been blown up, the imperial grand dukes may not unnaturally decline to make themselves the scape-goats of the autocratic system. The crown may then be put up for public competition, the Russian people not binding itself, however, to accept the lowest or any other tender.

But if the god-king's life is sometimes a nuisance to himself owing to the anger and disgust of his subjects at his management of the universe, he has no less to fear, on the other hand, from their excessive reverence and respect in certain quarters. Instead of being harshly treated, he has sometimes to complain of being killed with kindness. Existence is made a burden to him by the extreme solicitude and regard of his worshippers for his sacred person. He is taken so much care of that life itself ceases to be of interest to him.

Have you ever observed the queen-bee in a glass hive, attended by her constant bodyguard of workers, and narrowly watched, whichever way she moves, by a jealous band of insect courtiers? If you have, you will remember how the bees of the royal suite stand round their sovereign in a ring, with their heads all pointed towards her, and their eyes closely fixed on her every motion. Whenever she takes a single step in advance, the bees in front

fall back, with their heads still turned towards the royal presence; the bees to right and left move sideways like crabs; the bees behind follow her up closely. No human monarch of civilized lands is ever so carefully and jealously guarded; to none is such assiduous deference paid, on none is such constant and willing care lavished.

Now why is this? Simply because a queen-bee is the one mother of the hive, the sole hope of the race, the visible embodiment of the collective future. It is not loyalty in any modern, human sense that makes her attendants watch over her so carefully; it is a just regard for the interests of the community, which she sums up in herself as their common rallying-point and general parent. If the queen dies, the hive and the race in so far die with her; everything is upset; affairs are at a standstill; the bees languish and grow listless for want of a proper outlet for their instinctive faculties. Hence, their great object in life is to secure that nothing untoward should happen to the sacred person of the queen. They take infinite pains that she shall not escape from the hive, and that within it nothing dangerous or doubtful shall ever come near her. Her life is far too precious to her kind for her to be allowed to play tricks with it at her own free will in the fields or meadows. Who knows but a field mouse might eat her unawares, or a shower play havoc with her royal constitution? In effect, therefore, she is practically a prisoner in her own home, mewed up by guards like a sultana in her quarters, and prevented from enjoying the freedom and exercise which fall to the lot of the meanest among her worker subjects.

Well, what the queen-bee really *is* to the hive, that and more the savage imagines his king-god to be to the tribe or nation. The divine chief sums up in himself the luck and the life of the entire people. As he can sway and govern the winds, the rain, the fruits of the earth, the sunshine, his well-being becomes to them a matter of prime importance. Nay more, by a curious association common to all human minds, a sort of sympathetic influence is supposed to extend from him to all and sundry the members of his tribe. Our own Teutonic name for his office—the name of king—means etymologically, not as Carlyle loved to feign, the canning man, but the kin-ing, the child of the race, the son of the divine ancestors, the man who tots up and condenses in himself the whole diffuse tribal personality. *L'état, c'est lui.* He *is* his people. When a

mediæval monarch spoke of himself as "France," or "Naples," he was but carrying on into a newer and wider type of life the ideas implicitly yet directly derived from his barbaric ancestors.

But if the god-king is thus really so important — if he can procure for his people rain or sunshine, good harvests or bad, wealth or poverty — if he sums up mysteriously in his own person all the fortunes of his tribe, then surely, the prudent savage argues to himself, we must be very careful that nothing untoward in any way should happen to his sacred health or his divine body. He must be guarded from houcussing like a Derby favorite; he must be preserved from the faintest sign of breakage like the Luck of Edenhall. The result of this feeling is the familiar and widespread system of *taboo*, by which the sacred person of the king is girt round with restrictions of the minutest kind, often ridiculous and always irksome, but all tending to preserve him from real or imaginary misfortunes of every sort.

As the queen-bee mustn't go out of the hive, so in many cases the god-king mustn't go a step outside his own palace. Within, he is safe from attack, or from accident, or from the evil eye; without, there's no knowing what dangers on earth may surround and encompass him. Thus in old Japan, the mikado lived largely secluded from all the world, and protected by a minute and tedious ceremonial. So, too, the kings of Persia were shut up in their palaces, and hardly any of their subjects were ever permitted to see them. The kings of Egypt were worshipped as gods; but the divinity that hedged them round must have been far more annoying than pleasing to its unhappy possessors; for, as Diodorus tells us "everything was arranged for them by law, not only their royal duties, but also the details of their daily life. The hours of day and night were measured out, at which the king had to do, not what he liked, but what custom prescribed for him." His food and drink were all as accurately ordained as Sancho Panza's on the island of Barataria; for might not a passing fit of indigestion upset forever the realm of Nile, or a headache produced by too much wine over night beget far-reaching effects through all the Upper and Lower Kingdoms?

The king, in short, as Mr. Andrew Lang has graphically put it, was "tabooed an inch deep," and dared never transgress the limits of these divine restrictions. Some of the taboos referred to his food

and drink, which were always light and simple, in order that the sacred body might remain sound and wholesome. But more still were magical in their nature, and had reference rather to the vague misfortunes that might fall upon the king from the wicked wiles of black art or witchcraft. Dread of the evil eye, ever strong among savages, is one of the chief reasons for secluding the king; and as strangers are particularly liable to exercise this malign influence, barbaric majesty is seldom allowed even to show its divine face before the face of foreigners. This is one of the many reasons, indeed, for the aversion felt to strangers in barbarous countries; they may bring with them some evil power which will unfavorably affect the luck of the tribesmen. In many Polynesian islands now, as in the Crimea of old, strangers who come ashore are immediately massacred, out of sheer funk. The ancient Egyptians were almost equally inhospitable; and the Chinese by no means love the "red-haired devils" who seek to charm them with a mixed diet of opium and moral pocket-handkerchiefs. Even in our own Britain, the unsophisticated islanders of St. Kilda believe to this day that a new-comer from the outer world always brings some mysterious disease along with him; and the aborigines of the Black Country preserve the same primitive idea in the well-known ceremony of spying a stranger and 'eaving 'arf a brick at 'im.

This horror of being seen, and especially of being seen abroad, above all by strangers, is very widespread. From the day of his coronation — so Mr. Frazer tells us — the king of Loango is not permitted to go outside his palace. His royal brother of Ibo may not step from his house unless a human sacrifice is offered in his stead to propitiate destiny. The kings of Æthiopia on the Upper Nile were treated as gods, but were never allowed for all that to leave their own precincts. If the kings of Sheba appeared in the streets, their scandalized subjects immediately stoned them. To this day, the sovereigns of Corea, who receive divine honors, are shut up hermetically in their own apartments, and never communicate directly with their people. In other cases, different precautions are taken to prevent the king being seen. At Mandalay, palings six feet high were erected in all the streets where the great Theebaw of the moment was likely to pass; and whenever he went abroad in his capital, all the people had to stay behind these wooden



barriers. The sultan of Wadai speaks from behind a curtain; the sultan of Darfur wraps his face in a piece of white muslin. A last relic of these curious isolating customs may be seen in the taboo which prevents many Eastern monarchs from ever quitting their own dominions. Several Indian princes may not leave India; and it was with great difficulty that the Persians reconciled themselves to the idea of their shah visiting Europe.

One of the oddest taboos, however, to Western minds at least, is that which forbids the king to have his hair cut, or to pare his nails, or otherwise to get rid of any useless part of his sacred body. The mikado, poor god-descended wretch, was never allowed to cut his hair, or even to wash himself. The Frankish kings wore their locks about their shoulders, because it would have been wicked to touch them with the shears; and endless other instances could easily be quoted. The reason is in part, no doubt, that the whole body is divine, and therefore to be respected; but even more, in all probability, because of the evil use that an enemy might make of such hair or nail-parings, if they got into his power. For it is a well-known principle of magic, in all times and places, that if you want to make spells against any one, you ought, if possible, to possess yourself of something that once belonged to him, or, above all, of an actual relic or part of his body. This you can then use as a fetish or charm for the destruction of the person to whom it originally belonged. For so intimate is the sympathy between all the parts of one and the same body, that if the hair is burnt, or hacked about or destroyed, the person himself will be destroyed also; if it withers in the ground, he will wither away piecemeal; and if a magician plays any ugly tricks with it, the original owner will be correspondingly affected. This makes it a very delicate question to decide what should be done with the king's hair or nails, in case you were to cut them. On the whole, the wisdom of our early ancestors concluded, it's safer to keep them on his own head and hands than to run any risks from the malice of magicians. So the edict of society went forth accordingly; the royal locks and the royal fingers are tabooed forever.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting point about all these early notions as to the divinity of the king is the subtle way in which, under infinite disguises, they have trickled down to our own time, and still pervade the current thought of

Europe. For the sacro-sanctity of the royal person only died away by slow degrees; and many modern forms of loyalty or of respect for rank must be traced back ultimately to such heathen beginnings. They are ideas, in other words, that could never have arisen spontaneously, but can only exist as mitigated forms of earlier and far more barbaric superstitions. One can trace a gradual modification in this respect from the earliest times to our own day; but there is no sudden break, no general emancipation. The godship of the king declined slowly into the divine nature of the king, and then into his divine right, which is now finally evaporating before our very eyes in the mitigated and attenuated form of mere "legitimacy." The shadowy claim of the Duke of Cumberland to the kingdom of Hanover, of the last of the Italian Bourbons to the kingdom of Naples, and of the late Duke of Parma to the British crown, though anachronisms in our own age, lead us back directly to the god-kings of the old Teutonic stock, and the divine origin of the house of Woden.

For even after the Christianization of the North, every English prince in the petty Anglo-Saxon monarchies traced his descent without fail to the divine ancestor Woden, as every Norse chieftain did to his Scandinavian equivalent, Odin. No longer admitted as a god, the great Teutonic ancestral deity still retained his place in every royal pedigree, and was accepted on all hands as the prime progenitor of princely families. Some of the genealogies even combine all possible requirements by first tracing back the king to Woden, and then supplying Woden himself with a long line of still earlier ancestors who are finally affiliated on the patriarch Noah. In Christian times, to be sure, a Christian color was given to the divinity of the king by ascribing it rather to the act of coronation and the sacred oil of consecration than to any inherent divine nature. But even so, it was felt that the monarch must be of royal stock, and that the blood of confessedly heathen gods must trickle in his veins. "The kingly kin" and the "kin of Woden" were interchangeable phrases; and though holy ampullas and papal blessings counted for much with priests and priestly-minded laymen, there can be little doubt that with the nobles and the people at large it was the divine descent, not the priestly assent, that really weighed most in their reverence for royalty.

Among the many little superstitions

which marked this popular attitude towards kingship, none is more interesting than that of the Stones of Destiny, on which it was necessary that kings should be crowned in many countries. In Ireland they were frequent, and the most famous of them stood on the great royal tumulus of Tara; it was, in short, in all probability, the tombstone of the ancient chiefs of that part of Ireland. When the true king put his foot on it, the stone cried aloud three times; in other words, the divine ancestors from their graves recognized their son, and proclaimed him as such before the assembled people. The royal stone of the West Saxon race stood in the Surrey town which we still call Kingston; it is preserved there to this day in an open space, with an inscription bearing the names of the early English princes who sat to be crowned upon it. But the most famous of all these tribal stones is that of the Scotch monarchy, which formerly stood near the palace at Scone, but was brought by Edward I. to England, and now forms part of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. The old legend that Scots will reign wherever that stone is found means, of course, that the stone will allow none but the true heir or representative of the ancient kings to take his seat as sovereign upon it. Its place in Westminster Abbey, and its use in the Christian ceremony of coronation, show the usual quaint mixture of heathendom with the younger faith to which archaeological inquirers are now so well accustomed.

The belief in the quasi-divine nature of kings dies out very slowly. It is Christianized and transformed, but not destroyed. The king of Obbo, who calls his people together in times of drought, and demands goats and corn of them if they want him to mend the weather—"No goats, no rain; that's our compact," says his Majesty—the king of Obbo has his final counterpart in the Stuart belief that bad seasons fell upon the people as a punishment for their participation in the sin of rebellion. The magical power of early chieftains over demons and diseases survived late in modern England in the practice of touching for king's evil. The sacred person of the sovereign remains sacred to this day before the English law. And if the Egyptians and Peruvians held their Pharaohs or their Incas to be incarnate deities, it was in the age of Voltaire himself that Bossuet dared distinctly to say, "Kings are gods, and share in a degree the divine independence." These are not mere scraps and tags of courtly adulation,

as one is at first tempted nowadays to believe; the closer one looks at them, the more clearly does one see that they are actually survivals of thought and feeling from the days when the king was in reality the living god, and the god was in reality the dead king.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE LOCUST PLAGUE IN ALGERIA.

ON the 13th of May last I was travelling with my husband through eastern Algeria. At six o'clock on a lovely summer's morning we had taken the train from Algiers, making our way along the shores of one of the most beautiful bays in the world, its blue waters shining in the early sunlight beneath the wooded heights of Mustapha, studded with its white Arab villas. We had left behind us the Maison Carrée, where Cardinal Lavigérie's Pères Blancs make the best of both worlds in manufacturing excellent wines, and in preparing for their life of self-denial in the Sahara. By nine o'clock we had reached Ménerville, where the fertile plain of the Métidja ends, and the mountain country of the Kabyles begins. We were toiling up a steep ascent, when the order was given for all the passengers to alight. There had been a landslip, making the passage of a viaduct dangerous, so we had to get out and walk across it, while the train cautiously followed us. Suddenly a cry was raised: "Voilà, les sauterelles," and there before us, in the transparent air, looking like a summer snowstorm, we saw approaching a dancing cloud of winged particles. It was the advance guard of the dreaded locust army marching on Algiers.

For weeks nothing had been talked about in the neighborhood of my old home but "les sauterelles." Everybody, French, English, or Arab, who owned a vineyard, or even a garden, was calculating the chances of the approach of the invading scourge, sometimes in a manner not intelligible to strangers. There was a lady not long arrived from England, whose knowledge of French was limited, and who asked me: "Who are these people, the Sauterelles, of whom every one is talking, but whom I have not yet met?" The day before starting on our journey I had been present at a wedding at one of the loveliest villas in Mustapha, to which the governor-general, Monsieur Jules Cambon, had come, the very morrow of his

arrival on to show his regard for his English friend, the bridegroom. When it was rumored that his Excellency had accepted the invitation, all the well-informed declared that the new governor could not possibly be fulfilling social duties, when the locusts had appeared at St. Pierre-St. Paul, thirty-five kilometres distant from the capital. As a matter of fact, Monsieur Cambon, with the energy which characterizes that most amiable and distinguished Frenchman, after assisting at the wedding, set out, twenty-four hours later, on a tour of inspection of the ravaged districts, and I only mention this incident to show how the advance of the locusts was the sole absorbing topic of the hour in Algeria.

Here at last we were face to face with, or rather surrounded on all sides by, the devastating hordes. The railway crawls up the Kabyle hill country, through a succession of gorges, interrupted here and there by a tunnel, and sometimes the line skirts the cliff-side, hanging on a terraced ledge over a rushing river of the color of *café au lait*. The mountain defiles are thick with the flight of rushing insect life, but here in these barren passes there is nothing for them to prey upon, only a tuft of cactus here and there perched on the side of a torrent, or a solitary cluster of acanthus. But now the hills recede, and we are once more in the fruitful plains. How can I describe the glories of early summer in Algeria? English tourists come in the winter, and leave in the spring, taking away an impression of rare hours of sunshine, scattered among days of storm, and scirocco, and sometimes, as this year, of snow; but it is in May that the full beauty of northern Africa comes forth in its wealth of flowers. We were now passing through a valley bounded by majestic snow-crowned heights, which appeared literally to be carpeted with a luxuriant growth of gorgeously tinted flowers — yellow marguerites, white and pink cistus, scarlet poppies, purple orchids, crimson gladiolus, and blue convolvulus — and sailing above this gay ribbon border of the fresh green of the vineyards, sped along the fluttering host of locusts, farther in all directions than the eye could reach. It seemed like a never-ending swarm of bees, bees as large indeed almost as skylarks, or at all events as humming-birds, but instead of bringing with it the proverbial luck of "a swarm of bees in May," it was carrying in its wake ruin and despair to the Mussulmans of the soil, and their Christian conquerors.

It is popularly supposed that the locusts eat their way from place to place, and that the whole region through which a flight of them has passed is left devastated and bare. We saw no trace of the passage of the plague on our way, and as a matter of fact, the locusts in their progress do comparatively little harm. The mischief is done when they settle and lay their eggs, which, when hatched, bring forth myriads of young — *les criquets*, and it is they which eat up the land. This explains the importance of paragraphs like the following, which appear every morning in the Algerian newspapers: "A Bon-Saada, les sauterelles se sont mises à pondre. Des gisements d'œufs existent à Djelfa où la lutte contre les sauterelles se poursuit avec vigueur. La recherche des œufs a donné des résultats extraordinaires. La quantité qui a été détruite ne peut s'imaginer;" or a telegram like the following from a luckier region: "Quelques vols de sauterelles aujourd'hui sur Millanah. Les locustes n'ont fait que passer." It is difficult, without seeming to exaggerate, to attempt any estimate of the countless myriads of criquets which are produced by the sauterelles. I will only mention one example, which may afford some idea of their numbers. In one commune alone during the last two months the weekly destruction of eggs has amounted to from eighteen to twenty millions.

Some years ago, when I was very little, I remember seeing a flight of locusts on the Mediterranean as we neared the coast of Algeria on the voyage from Marseilles. My childish recollection of it was that in the distance we saw a dense cloud approaching, and that when the ship passed through it, we seemed to be enveloped in a London fog for the space of several minutes. I have often thought that my young fancy had exaggerated the phenomenon, but though the swarms we passed through to-day were not densely packed, the numbers we encountered must have immeasurably exceeded the mass which I then saw flying across the sea from headland to headland. From Ménerville to Bouira is a distance of seventy kilometres — between forty and fifty miles — yet never once was there a break in the procession. I had a reason for gazing attentively through the carriage windows. When I was seven years old I had driven by my father's side, in the days before railways were thought of in the Kabyle country, and as we approached the village at sunset, we saw a lion drinking at a stream. That is fourteen years ago, and it makes me feel a very

ancient inhabitant of Algeria to think that I have seen, as a not extraordinary incident of a peaceful drive, a lion, which the most intrepid hunters have now to penetrate far into the heart of Africa to get a shot at.

After Bouira, as we approached the department of Constantine, the locusts disappeared, and the next morning, in the picturesque capital of the eastern province, we could not find a line about the sauterelles in the curious little sheets, half-a-dozen of which do duty as journals in every town of Algeria. Nothing of greater interest was paraphrased than the visit of Admiral Duperré and the officers of the fleet from Philippeville to the old Roman fortress, and the complimentary remarks of Lieutenant Viaud (better known to the world as Pierre Loti) about the incomparable site of the rocky ramparts towering above the abysses of the Roumel.

A day later we went on to Hammam Meskroutine, where are the famous hot sulphur springs which rush steaming from the earth, forming cascades over petrified terraces of the dazzling whiteness of alabaster. Just as we were driving along the flower-bordered road which leads to this most beautiful sight, against a thundercloud which hung threateningly over the mountains, we espied between us and the dark background thousands of yellow flecks — they were our friends the locusts again. This lovely spot is in the midst of a vine country. Though the land was in full beauty, it was too late for tourists, and every one we saw there was connected more or less with the locality, from the Jewesses, in their grave mediæval costumes, come from Constantine or Tunis for the baths, to the small French proprietors, who sat round us at the *table d'hôte*; and every tongue sounded the voice of lamentation at the appearance of the pest.

It was no passing cloud, as we realized the following morning, when we went on by train towards the frontier of Tunisia. The railway carriages of the Chemin de Fer de l'Est-Algérien are fitted with a little gallery which runs the length of the compartments, and very amusing it is to sit and watch the passengers lolling or promenading, especially as a large proportion of them are grave Arab chiefs, of charming manners and of splendid presence, in their graceful burnous. To-day the sons of the desert laid aside some of their dignified impassiveness, for no sooner had we started than we found ourselves among a host of locusts. It will

hardly be credited when I say that far above the clatter of the train was heard the whirr of the countless wings. We passed through a mountain valley about a kilometre in width, and the whole expanse seemed blocked with the clamoring mob of insect life, and when the valley widened out into the fertile, vineclad plains that stretch around Guelma — where a generation ago Gérard, the renowned *tireur de lions* commenced his fame — as far as our sight could travel danced in the sunlight the yellow phalanx.

Algeria is so familiar to me, who have spent in that country nineteen out of my twenty-one winters, that I do not know if it be necessary to describe the geographical situation of the places I have mentioned, and of other localities ravaged by the locust plague. The three departments of Oran, Algiers, and Constantine, which compose the colony, stretch from Morocco on the west to Tunisia on the east, the city of Algiers standing about halfway between the two boundaries, and the whole coast line being about a thousand kilometres in length. The whole of this wide expanse is threatened by ruin, ruin compared to which the ravages of the phylloxera are mild. The last news which we had from the Western Province was that around Tlemçen, on the frontier, flights of locusts were alighting uninterruptedly, and that a caravan just arrived there from Morocco had travelled for thirty-two days in the midst of locusts, the country being entirely devastated. I have said enough to show how the central department of Algiers is threatened, and now on the borders of Tunisia, advancing from the east, we had met once more with the dread hordes. The night before our arrival at Bône, the frontier port, a train coming thither from Tunis had been actually blocked for half an hour by a swarm at a little place called Oued-Zerga, and in the capital of the beys the natives were trying to make the best of the plague by cooking and selling the sauterelles for food.

I have not the space, even if I had the technical knowledge, to describe the means by which Algerian cultivators are trying to stay the pest; how they set about the unpleasant work of destroying the eggs, and how, after incubation, they devise methods for stopping the march of the crickets, which, if unchecked, literally eat their way along, leaving the most verdant and fertile tracts a brown wilderness. Suffice it to say, that not only are the local authorities, the *maires* and *sous-préfets*,

organizing resistance and raising subsidies for the struggle, but what is more significant in a territory which is above all things a military training-ground for France, the general commanding the forces in Algeria has granted a remission of thirteen days to all cultivators called to serve with the colors, whose properties are menaced by the locusts.

My last glimpse of the country, which I have the greatest reason for loving that a woman can have, was across the vineyards whose leafy lines stretch in never-ending vistas over the rich plains by the Tunisian frontier, and I thought of the sinister Arab prophecies which foretold that, after the conquest by the Franks of this fair land, an army of invaders, worse even than they, should come up from the desert, and extend the boundaries of the Sahara to the shores of the Mediterranean.

EVELYN FRANCES BODLEY.

From The Speaker.

#### THE PAUPER.

ROUND the skirts of the plantation, and half-way down the hill, there runs a thick fringe of wild cherry-trees. Their white blossom makes, for three weeks or more in the year, a pretty contrast with the larches and dark clumps of Scotch fir that serrate the long ridge above. And close under their branches runs the line of oak rails that marks off the plantation from the meadow.

A laboring man came deliberately around the slope, as if following this line of rails. But as a matter of fact he was treading a little-used footpath that here runs close beside the fence and parallel with it for about fifty yards, before it diverges down the hill towards the village. So narrow is the path that the man's boots were powdered to a rich golden color by the buttercups they had brushed aside.

Presently he came to a standstill, looked over the fence and listened. Up among the larches a faint chopping sound could just be heard, irregular but persistent. The man put a hand up to his mouth and called:—

"Hi-i-i! Knock off! Stable clock's gone noo-on!"

There was no answer at all, but the chopping sound ceased at once, and this apparently satisfied the man, who leant against the rail and waited and looked steadily, but not curiously, at his boots. Two minutes passed without sound or stir

in this corner of the land. The human figure was motionless; the birds in the plantation were taking their noon-day siesta. A brown butterfly rested, with open wings, on the rail—so quietly, he might have been pinned there.

A cracked voice was suddenly lifted, within the plantation and but a dozen yards away. "Such a man as I be to work! Never heard a note o' that blessed clock, if you'll believe me. Ab-sorbed, they call it."

The voice was followed by its owner, a thin, withered man in a smock frock, who emerged from among the cherry-trees with a bill-hook in his hand, and stooped to pass under the rail.

"Dismal pains I do suffer in that old back of mine, to be sure. Ugh! You'll never believe 'em, my son, till the appointed time when you come to suffer 'em. But, says I, just now, up among the larches, 'Well, my sonny-boys, I can crow over *you*, anyway; for I was a grown man when squire planted ye, and here I be, a hearty oldster, marking ye out for destruction.' Why, hullo!—where's the dinner?"

The younger man withdrew his gaze, almost reluctantly, from his boots.

"I haven't brought none. We're dinin' out, to-day, as the word goes among the fashionists. Quarter-after-nine, this mornin', I was passin' by the Green wi' the straw-cart, when old Nick Trueman calls after me—'Have 'ee heard the news?' 'What news?' I axes. 'Why,' says he, 'I'm goin' into the union work'us this afternoon; can't manage to pull along by myself any more,' he says; 'an' I want you and your father to drop in, soon after noon, an' take a bite with me, for old times' sake. 'Tis my last taste o' free life an' I be goin' to do the thing fittywise,' he says."

The older man cast a meditative gaze up at the sky-line.

"We'll pleasure en, o' course," he said slowly. "So 'tis come round to Nick's turn? But 'a was born in the year o' Waterloo, ten year afore me, so I s'pose he've kept his doom off longer than most."

The two men set off, down the footpath. There is a stile at the foot of the meadow and, while painfully climbing it, the old man spoke again.

"And his doorway, I reckon, 'll be locked for a while an' then opened by strangers; an' his nimble youth be forgot like a flower o' the field; an' his little curious habits, that made en different from any body else, be clean blotted out; an'



fare thee well, Nick Trueman! But I'd no notion he'd got it in his mind."

"Far as I can gather, he've been minded that way ever since his daughter died, last fall."

From the stile where they stood they could look down into the village street. And old Nick Trueman was plain to see, standing in his doorway and welcoming his guests.

"Come in — come ye in, good friends," he called, as they approached. "There's cold bekkon and cold liver-an'-lights and Dutch cheese, besides bread; an' a little drop o' gin-an'-water for every soul among ye, to make it a day of note in the parish."

He looked back into the kitchen. A dozen elderly men were already gathered there, and one of them promptly paid the compliment that was obviously expected.

"Never do I mind a man's layin' down his joyful days so handsome. For the gin-an'-water is a little addition beyond experience. The vittles, no doubt, you begged up at the vicarage, sayin' you'd been a peck of trouble to the family, but that this was goin' to be the last time."

"I did, I did."

"But the gin-an'-water — how on airth you contrived it is a riddle."

The old man rubbed his hands together and looked around with genuine pride.

"There was old Miss Scantlebury," said another guest — "You remember Miss Scantlebury?"

"O' course, o' course."

"Well, she did it better 'n anybody I've heard tell of. When she fell into redooced circumstances, she sold the eight-day clock that was the only thing o' value she had left, an' drove into Tregarrick Work'us behind a pair o' greys, wi' the proceeds. Over and above the carriage hire, she'd enough left to adorn the hosses wi' white favors an' give the driver a crown, large as My Lord. But she was a lady, to begin with."

"That beats me, I own," answered the old man. "Yet I shall drive to my doom, though it be but upon two wheels an' with my back to a single hoss. For Farmer Lear's drivin' into Tregarrick in an hour's time, an' he've a-promised me his back seat."

"But about the gin-an'-water? For real gin-an'-water it is, to sight an' taste."

"Well, my sonnies, I'll tell ye: for the trick may serve one o' ye in the days when you come to follow me, tho' the new relievin' officer may have learnt wisdom before then. You must know I've been considerin' this step for some while; but hearin' that old Jacobs was goin' to retire soon, I thought to mysel' 'I'll wait for the new officer, an' if he's a green hand, I'll diddle en.' Yesterday was his second round at the work; so I goes up an' draws out my ha'af-crown, same as usual, and walks straight off to the Four Lords for a ha'af-crown's worth o' gin. An' to-day I drives up to the work'us, so bold as brass an' quite destitoot — but there, I'm wastin' time; for to be sure you've most o' ye got relations an' friends in the place where I'm goin' an' will be wantin' to send a word by me."

It was less than an hour before Farmer Lear pulled up at the door in his red-wheeled trap, and the pauper climbed up and was driven off.

"I've made a sort o' little plan in my head," he said at parting, "of the order i' which I shall see ye again, one by one. 'Twill be a great amusement to me, sonnies, to see how the fact fits in wi' my little plan."

They gave him three feeble cheers as he drove away and hung about for several minutes after the vehicle had passed out of sight, gazing along the road as wistfully as more prosperous men look in, through churchyard gates, at the acres where their kinsfolk lie buried. Q.

For myself I should like to browse on folios. I love to deal chiefly with authors that I have scarcely strength to lift, that are as solid as they are heavy and, if dull, are full of matter. It is delightful to repose on the wisdom of the ancients, to have some great name at hand besides one's own initials always staring one in the face; to travel out of one's self into the Chaldee Hebrew and Egyptian characters, to have the palm-trees waving mystically in the margin of the page, and the

camels moving slowly on in the distance of three thousand years. In that dry desert of learning we gather strength of patience and a strange and insatiable thirst of knowledge. The ruined monuments of antiquity are also there, and the fragments of buried cities (under which the adder lurks), and cool springs, and green, sunny spots, and the whirlwind, and the lion's roar, and the shadow of angelic wings. — HAZLITT.